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AUBREY:

A NOVEL.

By R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

AUTHOR OF PERCIVAL.

Sweet are the uses of Adversity. SHAKSPEARE.

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too clearly informs us; but it is no less certain that, of what virtue there is, misery produces the far greater part. JOHNSON.

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AUBREY.

CHAPTER XXV.

Continuation of Mr. Cowper's Hiſtory.

THE hearts of the Aubreys accompanied Mr. Cowper through the various ſeelings he had experienced. He deſignedly, though imperceptibly, led them into the gradual variation of his own emotions at the time the events took place. They had alighted with him at the ſtyle, on the Thornbury road; they had recalled to mind Fanny's activity in producing the apparatus to waſh from his face the blood that had been drawn in her cauſe; they had renewed the battle, and ſhuddered

at the firſt toll of the bell that had ſtruck his ear. From that moment they had dreaded the event, yet admitted, as he had done, a hope, though ſlighter than his, that the funeral might be Mr. Grey's rather than Fanny's. Fear of the truth, however, predominated, and the tears prepared by their ſympathy began to flow as ſoon as they heard that Grey himſelf performed the ſervice. The awful verſe from the pſalm, the dreadful information from the coffin wrung their hearts; they mourned, they wept bitterly for Fanny. Mr. Cowper had ceaſed to ſpeak, and there was a profound ſilence for ſome minutes: at length, Aubrey roſe, and rang the bell for tea. Cæſar came in, and ſaid it was ready in the drawing-room. Mrs. Aubrey, Emily, and Arthurina, with Arthur-William, went up to the nurſery to recover themſelves, leaving Arthur,

thur, with his father and Mr. Cowper, walking up and down the parlour, each intent on his own contemplations.

When they all met again at the tea-table, and had resumed some degree of ease: "My dear friends," said Mr. Cowper, "my desire that you should "know me, and take an interest in me, "for the rest of life has induced me to "make you acquainted with my sad "story; let the interest I feel for you "make amends for the pain I have in-"flicted."—"The pain of sympathy," said Aubrey, "is always attended with a "kind of charm, by which it is infinitely "more than compensated; pray take your "tea and proceed."—"I long to know," said Arthur, "what became of that vil-"lain Smyth."—"And I," cried Ar-thur-William, "to hear about little "Fanny." Mrs. Aubrey and the girls made kind enquiries respecting Mrs.

Smyth and Edmund's ſiſter, and when they thought that Mr. Cowper was ſufficiently refreſhed, they one and all begged him to finiſh his ſtory, which he accordingly thus reſumed:

"The ſudden tranſitions of hope and fear terminating ſo dreadfully affected my brain; I was ſeized, and carried raving out of the church. I continued in a ſtate of inſanity nearly three months, and it was not till long after, that my ſiſter ventured to inform me of the real circumſtances of Fanny's death. I had been removed to Briſtol, and put under the care of a perſon who undertook the charge of the inſane. My ſiſter, ſurpriſed at my not returning to her according to my promiſe, had found me by enquiring at Melford. She was at no loſs, as my money remained in her hands, and receiving hopes from the faculty, that my malady would yield to time

time and proper treatment, she paid me unremitting attention. I will not dwell minutely on the information I received from her, when she had ascertained that I was sufficiently recovered to bear it. I think of it daily; I think of it for a wife purpose; and some day, I will show you a packet of letters, and a journal, that shall excite your admiration; but time will not allow it at present. The same devil that had tempted me at Oporto, had been working my destruction at Melford. The history of my infatuation, with some empassioned letters I had written to Donna Seraphina, was fully conveyed to Edenbower by Smyth, who, it was now clear to me, had contrived to intercept all my Fanny's letters, copies of which she had kept, and which, with mine to Donna Seraphina, an anonymous one from the villain who transmitted them, and her own journal

from the day we parted, formed the contents of the packet delivered to me by my ſiſter. The beginning of the journal was full of effuſions of love, and ardent anticipations of my return; theſe were echoed by her letters; the other part contained the tendereſt lamentations for the loſs of my heart, which ſhe felt it was impoſſible to ſurvive, always ending, however, with, *but I forgive you Charles, may God alſo forgive and bleſs you!* The ſtate of her mind brought on a miſcarriage at an advanced period of her pregnancy; ſhe ſunk into a melancholy, from which ſhe never recovered. Her mother had conſulted Grey, who had written me an admonitory letter, which it ſeems had been alſo intercepted; and my conduct had been reprobated at Melford, where I was become an object of deteſtation. Such was the curſe that a perfidious man and an artful woman had

had brought upon me; or rather, such was the miserable consequence of my own folly and guilt.

"I now resigned every thought of happiness in this world; I wished myself in another; but bearing in mind my father's last injunctions against suicide, I resolved to devote the rest of my life to repentance, and to strive to deserve by that, a re-union with the blessed spirit, whose society in the present state of existence I had forfeited. I trust I have kept my resolution; I trust I have expiated. I am waiting patiently my release, endeavouring to fill up the intervening time as well as I can."—"But what," cried Arthur, "became of the villain who was the cause of all this misery?"—"I never saw him afterwards," replied Mr. Cowper, "and it is very surprising that I have never been able to trace his person farther than Corunna,

where I told you he embarked for Bordeaux. Nor has it been the effect of negligence; I have done every thing in my power to find him. The Bankers, who furnished him with credit on Oporto, had not the least knowledge of him; the sums were placed in their hands by an agent, with whom they were also unacquainted, for which he received letters of credit to the amount, payable to Smyth. The letters of introduction which he had procured at Oporto from persons on the Continent, had merely been in consequence of the figure he had made wherever he stopped for a time. I have pursued a hundred different Smyths without success: nay, he negotiated the notes of hand I gave him in Portugal, and I could not trace him by the holder of them, who had received them from a foreigner. In short, I think he must have come to some untimely end; if not,

not, he has ſo completely envelloped himſelf, that, added to the commonneſs of the name, he has hitherto eſcaped every ſearch.

"Having loſt the friendſhip of the good Vicar of Melford, and dreading to return to a ſpot where every object would renew excitement to the malady from which I had juſt recovered, I reſolved at firſt to avoid Glouceſterſhire, and all that could endanger the intellect; but ſorrow and repentance, thoſe corroding inmates of the guilty heart, were pleaſing to mine; becauſe, though I had been guilty, mine was not the guilt of depravity, not the guilt of a deep deſigning ſpirit. I had been miſled; my ſoul had been enthralled by the appearances of virtue and friendſhip; and I was loſt before I detected the maſks. Happineſs, what I had figured to myſelf as happineſs, all that could have endeared

exiſtence to me, had my Fanny lived to bleſs me with pardon and with love, was withdrawn from the proſpect of life, which was now to be endured, not enjoyed. For the ideas of bliſs, I ſubſtituted thoſe of utility and reſignation. I united my ſiſter's lot with mine; I adopted her children, for ſhe had a daughter born in England, about ſix months after our arrival, and I reſolved to turn my poverty to account, by making it the nurſe of fortitude and juſtice. I had ſome hard ſtruggles; but by the ſtricteſt adherence to frugality, by curtailing the circle of wants, by conſidering debt as a worſe evil than hunger or rags, I gained the victory.

"It would be endleſs to tell you the ſevere trials, as well as petty mortifications which I found attendant on penury. I ſhall briefly give you an account of what happened to me, in conſequence of

of the debts I contracted at Oporto. Though both Grey and Couſel were too much offended to admit, and I too conſcious to attempt, a juſtification of my conduct; yet, they were too good, and too much attached to my Fanny, to forſake the intereſts of her child: they therefore gave me to underſtand, that they ſhould not reſign the truſt of the ſettlement I had made, and Couſel promiſed to continue aſſiſting my mother-in-law, in the management of the little farm, on condition, that I ſuffered her granddaughter, my little Fanny, to remain with her. My anſwer was, that when I recovered fortitude enough to ſee my child, I certainly would, and that I ſhould then be determined by circumſtances; but, that it was neither my intention, nor my inclination, to take her from Mrs. Roſs. Couſel was not a man to raiſe ſcruples, and he continued his

assistance. By good management, the farm produced on an average from eighty to a hundred a-year; this by the settlement now belonged to me; but I consented to share it with my mother-in-law while she had the care of my child, taking rather the larger part, as she would now again resort to her own annuity, and as I had to take care of my sister and her two children, who were infants.

"Reflecting on the difficulty of living on such a pittance, and remembering my debt to the worthy Horton of Oporto, I made my situation known to several of my father's friends, and also to Neville's family; Neville himself was gone abroad on his travels, and I hoped that some of them would interest themselves to put me in a situation which I might fill with credit, and by which I might be supported like a gentleman. All I gained by my application

was a practical leſſon, the theory of which I had learned in books, without retaining a ſufficient impreſſion of it to deter me from adding myſelf to the liſt of unqualified ſuitors: I was received with ſmiles, diſmiſſed with advice, and deprived of my *entrée* at every houſe where it was heard that I was ſeeking the exertion of influence. This was not the worſt; I was immediately marked out for calumny; I was ſaid to have ruined myſelf by extravagance; my paſſion for Donna Seraphina was told againſt me, with all the exaggerations of malevolence. I was reported to have taken in a young man to marry my ſiſter, to have ruined him, and cauſed his death by driving him to deſpair; in ſhort, every incident that could be diſtorted to aſperſion, was armed againſt me.

"Friendleſs and ſad, I took lodgings in the ſuburbs of London, conſiſting of a parlour

a parlour and two ſmall bed-rooms. Here, aſſiſted by Harriet, I gloried in enduring the rigour of fate; I thought daily of Fanny, and of my own conduct, and juſtified Providence, whoſe chaſtiſement proceeded from order and benevolence; while I deſpiſed and hated the world, whoſe malevolence was not the reſult of juſtice, but the operations of a corrupt aſſociation of ideas combining with baſe paſſions.

"About two years after my arrival in England, a change took place in my ſituation, from my notes to Smyth being brought againſt me. As I was not able to take them up, I was arreſted and carried to the Fleet-priſon. In going in, I met a gentleman coming out, whom I remembered to have ſeen at Oporto, and who left it about a fortnight after my arrival there. He ſeemed to know me, yet evidently avoided a recognition:

recognition: he was not the firſt acquaintance who had coolly paſſed me by, and I had long ceaſed to be mortified; but I was unjuſt to the motives of this young man, from whom I received a letter the next day, requeſting permiſſion to pay me a viſit, and who had paſſed me unnoticed, only through fear of hurting my feelings.

"His name was Searle, I ſay was, for he died about two years ago; he was a nephew of Dr. Searle's, the Rector of Mariton; and having been delighted with ſome civilities he received from my father in Portugal, was anxious to return them to me. He expreſſed a deſire to ſerve me; this I told him was impoſſible, but he would not be refuſed. In ſhort, after hearing my ſtory, with moſt of which he was previouſly acquainted, he aſſured me that, though he could not heal the wounds my heart

heart had received, it would be my own fault if I were not set to rights with regard to money-matters. 'The notes 'to Smyth, and your bond to Mr. Hor-'ton,' said he, 'must be taken up and 'consolidated.' I told him that I had not the means. 'But I have,' replied he, 'and you may hereafter contrive 'some mode of discharging the debt; at 'present, I have taken the liberty to bail 'you, and we will settle the terms at 'leisure. I am lately from Oporto, 'and can give you the satisfaction of 'knowing, that Donna Seraphina de 'Monocello is universally despised. Af-'ter your departure, she returned to 'the city, where she laboured with all 'her power to blacken your character, 'particularly charging you with the 'dishonour of unfounded boasts: but 'no credit is given to her by the En-'glish, and even her own countrymen

'associate

'associate with her as little as possible. 'Perhaps you do not know,' continued he, 'that your friend Horton is 'dead. He was carried off by an apo-'plexy about three months ago, and 'your bond is either here already, or on 'its way to be put in force against you.' I assured Mr. Searle, that I had no property in the world to give him as a security, except a life-interest in the produce of a few acres of ground, which was fully employed in the bare maintenance of five persons. 'How stands 'your fund of Greek and Latin?' said he. 'Have you any objection to 'mortgage that as a security?'—'I un-'derstand you,' replied I: 'perhaps, 'a short brushing up would make me 'as fit for a tutor as nineteen in twenty 'that undertake the task of tuition, but 'I do not think my conscience would 'allow me.' 'I'll relieve your con-

'science,'

'ſcience,' ſaid he: 'my uncle is guar-
'dian to two orphans, who will have
'tolerable fortunes when they come of
'age: their capacities ſeem to be very
'confined; but he is of opinion, that
'if a man can be found who will conſi-
'der them more as his ſons than his pu-
'pils, their intellects may be drawn
'forth; the one is thirteen, the other
'fourteen years old. I am in queſt of
'ſuch a man as my uncle wiſhes for;
'and indeed, I came hither yeſterday
'after a gentleman, who having other
'views on the arrangement of his af-
'fairs, declined the offer which I now
'make to you. You muſt comply,'
continued he, 'for you are not expected
'to make them profound ſcholars; and
'if you ſhould even fail in the attempt
'to enlighten their minds, the blame
'will ſtill be caſt upon nature rather
'than on you. On this plan two hun-
'dred

'a-year will be given with each of them.' I thanked Searle from the bottom of my heart, and agreed to make the trial.

"To be brief, for I have already indulged my garulity too much, I received the boys: they lived with me about six years, and I had the satisfaction to see them turn out amiable and intelligent young men. I thought this alone a great reward for the pains I had sincerely bestowed upon them; but, in addition, by living on three hundred a-year, my whole debt to Searle was cleared off, and I secured the cordiality and friendship of the Rector of Mariton."

"But you have said nothing of little "Fanny;" said Arthur-William. "I "am afraid, my dear boy," replied Cowper, "to enter upon the subject. About two months after my recovery of reason, I thought I could bear to see her

her without danger; I went to Edenbower in diſguiſe; I diſcovered myſelf only to my mother-in-law, with whoſe concurrence I contrived to remain concealed in the houſe four-and-twenty hours. What I felt on entering the houſe, and at the ſight of my child, is not to be deſcribed—let it paſs—I tore myſelf away—I paid her another viſit, and another. In ſhort, I found that I could not live without her, and about the time that Searle made me the offer of my pupils, I ſent my ſiſter to Melford, to propoſe to Mrs. Roſs, that ſhe and Fanny ſhould live a part of the year with us.

" Harriet was not ſatisfied with barely executing her commiſſion; ſhe ſaw Grey and Couſel, ſhe told them my ſtory, deſcribed the arts that had been practiſed to ſeduce me, and painted my repentance. She ſoftened their hearts, and, aided by their religion, obtained my forgiveneſs.

forgiveneſs. Grey, the benevolent, the pious, the excellent Grey, wrote me a few lines with his own hand; his words were—"Miſguided, unfortunate man! 'I believe your repentance to be ſin-'cere; come and finiſh your expiation 'at the grave of the angel you have— 'loſt: come, and by attention to her 'child and to your future life, endea-'vour to confirm your redemption, and 'to merit a re-union with the bleſſed 'ſaint in a world where there is no cor-'ruption; come to your home and be 'comforted."

"Time, though it produced no alteration in my heart or recollection, reſpecting my beloved Fanny, fortified my nerves. Objects that would once have plunged me into deſpair, or overwhelmed me with madneſs, tempered my ſorrow, ſoothed and delighted me. I accepted Grey's invitation; I removed to

Edenbower

Edenbower with my ſiſter and her children, and there I trained my pupils. My mind aſſumed a kind of melancholy happineſs, in which I reſiſted depreſſion by attaching all earthly bliſs to the purſuit of the will of HIM, whoſe chaſtiſements are bleſſings; and particularly in attention to my little Fanny's underſtanding, which I cultivated with all my power; at the ſame time that I endeavoured to form her ſoul to ſuch enjoyments on earth, as ſhould prepare her early for thoſe to which her angelic mother had been removed. I was ſucceſsful—the ſoil was of the beſt kind—I was ſucceſsful beyond my warmeſt hopes.

"She had the ſtart in years of her couſins, whom ſhe delighted to lead in the path ſhe had taken. To my ſiſter, ſhe owed the progreſs ſhe made in muſic, and the eaſe and grace of her carriage: with my aſſiſtance, ſhe became acquainted

quainted with herſelf; with the paſſions of the heart, the faculties of the mind; and ſhe ſedulouſly and eagerly devoted her powers to rectifying the former, and cultivating the latter. Oh! ſhe was eminently ſucceſsful in both. She was ambitious of excellence, without envy or emulation. Her anger was without ſin, ſhe had diſcarded from it every degree of rage, revenge, retaliation, and ſullenneſs; it was but an animated diſapprobation of error. She had learned to temper fear and grief by reſignation; and hope, and joy, were removed from the dominion of fancy, to that of reaſon. Hatred of vice was unattended with malevolence to the perſon; and genuine love and modeſty baniſhed pride, and vanity, and jealouſy. She aſpired not to the maſculine walks of ſcience; but in her purſuit of pleaſing as well as of important knowledge, ſhe was content,

tent, after ſatisfying her underſtanding in ſome points, to take much upon truſt—much ſhe relied on her father. Her memory, imagination, judgment, unfolded themſelves gradually, but ſtrongly. She was daily adding to the ſtores of her mind.

"In her perſon ſhe reſembled her mother; I was always told, and believe, that in her face ſhe reſembled me. I early made her acquainted with my hiſtory, and often took her with me to viſit her mother's grave, over which I had placed a ſimple urn on a pedeſtal. Sorrow had yielded much to the force of parental affection, when my ſecond Fanny was old enough to feel an intereſt in her mother's tomb; and I refrained from weeping, when we went together. Once, however, when I thought myſelf alone, ſhe came upon me unawares, and found me bathed in tears. She embraced me,

and

and mingled hers with mine. I indulged the ſenſation. I accuſed myſelf to my child—I wept upon her neck. Finding my agitation increaſe, ſhe ſtifled her own emotion, and looking at me with the impreſſive countenance of a ſeraph, ſaid; 'My dear papa, this is very wrong; 'you ſay you think, that the ſpirits of 'thoſe who love us, delight in viewing 'us; ſurely it cannot be to ſee us in 'pain; long have you been forgiven 'by the beloved ſpirit, by whoſe memo-'ry you are afflicted: this agitation may 'be a ſpecies of ingratitude to her. Oh! 'ceaſe to court affliction, and let us in 'future think of her, and ſpeak of her 'with joy, as being far happier than we 'could make her here.' I ceaſed to weep; I bleſſed the good ſenſe and piety of my child, and from that moment I yielded to the dictate of wiſdom, to court affliction no longer.

"In time I forgot the misery I had merited. As Fanny advanced in life, a new generation grew up with her at Melford. She won the hearts of old and young. I was again included in their smiles. My sister and the Smyths, resigned to their lot, enlivened our habitation. Our mornings were devoted to mental improvements, our evenings sometimes to the perusal of works of imagination, sometimes to music and dancing, and not unfrequently to neighbourly meetings, and familiar talk, in which good humour prevailed, and no one feared a critic. Happiness once more took possession of Edenbower.

"Happiness is a fickle tenant; she staid but a few years with me. When Fanny had attained her eighteenth year, a sudden, incomprehensible malady, of the nature of which I am to this day ignorant, deprived me of my child—of my friend

friend—of such a friend as seldom falls to the lot of man. I have no idea of any affection so perfect, or so well founded, as the friendship that subsisted between us. It was distinct from the fondness of father and daughter, though heightened by it. It was intellectual sympathy. It was a similar comprehension of things, similar conceptions, similar pursuits, unbounded confidence. It is only by reflecting on the nature of such a friendship, that my loss can be estimated. Oh! most gladly would I have relinquished every comfort of life to have preserved her. The progress of her dissolution, though sure, was tardy; but though attended with intolerable sufferings, she bore the dreadful trial without a murmur. Her fortitude and resignation must have excited the admiration of angels. No complaint escaped her lips. She was long sensible that she was ap-

proaching her end, and one evening as ſhe obſerved from her bed a bright planet, which appeared through the window of her chamber, ſhe deſired her aunt to look at it, ſaying; "Papa uſed "to tell me, that there was nothing un- "likely in the idea of our being tranſ- "lated from planet to planet: I wonder "if that is to be mine!" She had no fear of death, for ſhe had early accuſtomed herſelf to think of it leſs as the end of life, than as the beginning of another ſtate, and her only dread was what I ſhould ſuffer. She never looked at me but with a ſmile, and even when her approaching diſſolution became viſible; when her ſlender limbs beſpoke their mortality, and a few tenacious ſparks of life juſt detained her ſpirit from its eſcape, her countenance was ſerene and lovely. Oh! how did my heart bleed! and how often did I humble myſelf on my knees before God,

God, imploring proofs of his mercy and forgiveneſs in the reſtoration of my child! My diſtracted ſoul forgot its unworthineſs, and prayed to be the object of a miracle: 'Oh God,' I cried, 'medicine cannot avail—ſhe is now 'entirely in thy hands—ſpare her to 'me, oh God!—I beſeech thee ſpare 'her to me!' No—it was a fooliſh prayer—her mother deſerved her more than I; the removing angel knew it, and obeyed the mandate he had received. Away, again, flew happineſs from my cottage, and ſorrow and mourning entered.

"But what then!" exclaimed Cowper, after preſſing his handkerchief to his eyes, "He, who was a man of ſorrows and acquainted with grief, ratifies mourning with a bleſſing; and I believe it to be pregnant with love towards the race

of man: nor was it a vain enthuſiaſm that guided Dr. Young in ſaying,

"Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love."

The ſtroke of miſery which comes home to a man's own breaſt, is his beſt preparative for heaven; it breaks his heart, it renders it contrite, and makes it a ſacrifice which God will not deſpiſe. Mine had not been ſufficiently ſubdued; mine had again begun to be proud and happy. What though I was not impious, I had formed anew my heaven upon earth, and ſhould have left it with reluctance: but now, I think warmly and anxiouſly of that to which Providence has removed my treaſures. "Yes, my dear friends," ſaid Cowper with a ſigh, and preſſing the hand of Emily, whoſe tears were flowing down her cheeks,

cheeks, "I believe it to be a ſalutary blow; as ſuch I receive it with ſubmiſſion and reſignation, truſting, that he who ſtruck it will aid me to purſue, with my broken heart, the duties which I have yet to perform on earth."

CHAP. XXVI.

The reſentment of the unfortunate redounds upon themſelves.

IT was late when Mr. Cowper concluded his ſtory, and as the ſympathy of his friends abounded more in tears than words, he only ſtaid a few minutes to expreſs the relief and ſatisfaction he had experienced in the communication of his misfortunes, as well as in the hope of confirming by it a friendſhip which he was led to deſire by the kindneſs and virtues of a family, whom he ſhould never have ſought, but for the report of their calamity. They each ſhook hands with him, and he promiſed to bring Edmund next morning to take leave of them.

them. The family ſat ſome time together after he was gone, expreſſing their pity for his ſufferings, and fully abſolving him of his guilt. He had warmly intereſted their feelings; they loved him, and were prepared to love his ſiſter and her children. The little they had ſeen of Edmund had prepoſſeſſed them in his favour; they talked of his ſiſter Harriet without knowing her, and they anticipated the enjoyment of intimacy.

As Mr. Cowper intended to go out of town next day by the Glouceſter coach, which ſet out at four o'clock in the afternoon, he went early with Edmund to Albemarle-ſtreet, where they took an affectionate leave of the Aubreys, with whom they exchanged promiſes of correſpondence and occaſional viſits. Mrs. Aubrey ſent a kind invitation to Mrs. Smyth by Mr. Cowper, and the young folks loaded Edmund with affectionate

meſſages to Harriet, fraught with hopes of future delight. Aubrey expreſſed his gratification at the manner in which Cowper had renewed his acquaintance, and his ſenſe of the ſervices he had rendered him; aſſuring him that nothing could give him more pleaſure than to prove his affection by being of uſe to Edmund. "Were you to bring him "up to the church, Cowper," ſaid he, "it might afford me an opportunity; "for, if I live, Mariton will be only the "firſt ſtep in the courſe my friend Lord "Aynsford has in view for me."— "My good friend," replied Cowper, "though Edmund has no fortune, it is "my intention to enable him to depend "upon himſelf. As he was born a gentle- "man, I have given him the education "of one, but as he is poor, I have had "him taught ſome uſeful arts, and the "value of induſtry: agriculture is his

"preſent

" preſent ſtudy, it is to be his purſuit, " and if he chance to loſe me, he will be " able to ſupport his mother and ſiſter " by it." To this Aubrey made no reply, but by ſhaking hands with both uncle and nephew, and joining in the farewell, which was echoed from every tongue in the room.

For ſome days the events of Cowper's life dwelt ſtrongly on the imagination of his friends, and afforded them much converſation, nor did any thing material occur till the day appointed for the ſale of the pictures, except indeed that Mrs. Miller was in a conſtant buſtle of packing, and preparation for the removal of the family to Mariton. As the day of ſale approached Aubrey's hopes increaſed; his pictures had daily drawn a crowd of faſhion to Flouriſh's room, and ſome men of real judgment had ſpoken of many of the pieces with rapture, ſo

that he began to extend his expectations even beyond the original coſt of the paintings.

The day at length arrived. The auction-room was full, and Mr. Flouriſh from his deſk delivered new puffs in the beſt ſtyle of his laudatory lore. The firſt painting put up was a fine Claude Loraine. "What an enchanting ſcene "does this landſcape preſent," ſaid Mr. Flouriſh, "the plumed wood on the "hill beyond the vale, arrayed in ſtrik-"ing majeſty with ſummer's thickeſt "robe, appears to deſcend to the left in "a gentle waving line, and the orb of "day, declining, ſkirts the fleecy top "with gold, ſeeming to reſt upon the "enlivened edge, while the intervening "foliage abates the power of its rays, "ſo as to permit the eye unpuniſhed to "behold its glory. How beautiful the "valley! how grateful to the ſight thoſe rich

" rich paſtures, where the cattle and the
" fleecy tribe are grazing, placed ſo ju-
" diciouſly on that undulating ſurface,
" which the ſun, as he ſinks behind the
" hill, marks with varied light and ſhade.
" I ſee the eyes of all the company are
" charmed, and riveted to the ſpot. The
" ruſtic building to the right, lofty and
" prominent, which receives a brown
" tint from the ſun's weakened rays,
" will irreſiſtibly lead you on to trace
" the landſcape to its verge, and with
" delight to pore along the diſtant coun-
" try, adorned with fainter woods and
" leſſening edifices, bounded afar by
" mountains, which the painter's ſkill
" compels your imagination to dreſs with
" woods, no leſs perfect than thoſe his
" pencil has diſtinguiſhed more boldly.
" What a ſweet evening does the ſub-
" ject preſent! Glowing, yet mild
" and ſerene; nor leſs ſo that yonder
ſlowly

" ſlowly-moving cloud ſpreads his broad
" ſhade upon the diſtant fields."

Aubrey, who was ſitting with Senſitive and Arthur, near the auctioneer's deſk, was perfectly aſtoniſhed at this poetic effuſion, and, ſmiling, expreſſed his ſurpriſe. " Sir," ſaid a ſtranger, who ſat next to him, " it is entirely new; " he bought it for a guinea from a poor " poet, who in the bargain reſerved the " privilege of introducing it into a tra- " gedy after Flouriſh had uſed it. The " lines, for it is abſolutely blank verſe, " are worth more than a guinea to Flouriſh " in reputation, for the frequenters of " his room have no objection to " bombaſt in the mouth of the auc- " tioneer, and I ſhould think them worth " more than ten to the owner of theſe " paintings, but that the piece they de- " ſcribe is intrinſically valuable, and " does not want their aſſiſtance."—" I

" think

" think it a fine painting," replied Aubrey to the ſtranger, " and am pleaſed " to hear you ſpeak ſo highly of it—I " hope your opinion is favourable to " moſt of the others."—" There are " ſome good pictures in the collection," ſaid the ſtranger, " and perhaps"—

His ſpeech was interrupted by Flouriſh's raiſing his voice, and calling urgently on the company to put up the Claude at twelve hundred guineas. Having gradually deſcended to four hundred, a voice at ſome diſtance ſaid, " a hun- " dred and fifty." " Five hundred," ſaid the ſtranger near Aubrey—" thank " you ſir," cried Mr. Flouriſh, with a ſmile and a bow—" five hundred." Aubrey looked at the ſtranger with ſome ſurpriſe—" Oh, ſir," ſaid he, " I do not mean to purchaſe it—I " bid to ſave time—it will go for ſeven " hundred at leaſt." It was ſoon after knocked down for ſeven hundred and

and fifty. This accuracy of judgment raiſed the ſtranger in the opinion of Aubrey, who was going to renew his converſation, when the gentleman, looking at his catalogue, exclaimed, "Why "what the deuce does he bring this "forward ſo ſoon for! This fine Ma- "donna will ruin the ſale." "Here," cried Flouriſh, "here is Raphael's "moſt charming Madonna."—The ſtranger ſmiled. Aubrey looked round, and thought he ſaw a pretty general ſmile in the room.—"His earlier Ma- "donnas," proceeded the auctioneer— "thoſe I mean of his middle ſtyle, are "generaliy of a lighter and leſs-taking "complexion. I am fully perſuaded, "though ſome men's judgments are apt "to be guided by particular attach- "ments, that a complete brown beauty "is really preferable to a perfect fair "one; the bright brown gives a luſtre "to all the other colours, a vivacity to

"the

" the eyes, and a richneſs to the whole " look, which one ſeeks in vain in the " whiteſt and moſt tranſparent ſkins."

Aubrey was ſmiling at this repetition of Flouriſh's puff, which had already been privately diſcharged at the perſon who applied to purchaſe this Madonna without bringing it to the hammer, when his ears were ſaluted with a laugh from the ſide of the room where the Madonna hung; and preſently ſome of the company were ſeen getting up on the ſeats to look that way. Aubrey, Senſitive, and the ſtranger, alſo got up to ſee what occaſioned the laugh. The firſt object that ſtruck Aubrey was Sir Kit Keeping pointing at a figure directly under the Madonna. Following the direction of his finger, he obſerved a handſome woman ſitting and looking through a frame, not unlike that of the picture above her. At her back was a painting, of which only

only the ground was ſeen—her attitude and dreſs were preciſely the ſame as the Madonna's, nor was it long before Aubrey obſerved the ſtriking reſemblance of their features. "This is a malicious trick," ſaid the ſtranger, "the picture "is not an original, nor is it a copy, "but merely an attempt at the ſtyle of "Raphael, and that very woman, about "five years ago, ſat for the figure. "Her huſband, one Jacob, a ſtock-"broker, there he ſtands, became a "bankrupt next year, and the picture "was bought for a trifle by a collector, "who had the addreſs to diſpoſe of it "for an original Raphael. Sir Kit "Keeping himſelf was within an ace of "buying it, but he took the opinion of "a good judge, and treated it with con-"tempt."—"You ſeem to ſpeak with "great certainty, ſir," ſaid Aubrey."—The ſtranger ſmiled. Flouriſh having obſerved

observed what was passing, spoke to one of his men, who immediately went and took the frame from before the lady, and desired her to remove her seat, while Flourish endeavoured to recall the attention of the company, by continuing the speech he had prepared for this Madonna.

"All the best artists in the noblest "age of painting, about Leo X's time, "used this deeper and richer kind of "colouring; indeed, the glaring lights "introduced by Guido, went a great "way towards the declension of the art; "as the enfeebling of the colours by "Carlo Marati has since almost com-"pleted the fall of it in Italy. In this "Madonna of Raphael's".—Flourish was here interrupted by a general laugh.—"Hush—shame!" cried Sensitive, who had attentively listened to all that the stranger had said to Aubrey, and whose nerves

nerves were ſuffering agony for the diſgrace of his friend's Madonna. "Put "up the picture, ſir," ſaid he to Flouriſh, who, the moment he could be heard, aſked the favour of ſome one of the company to mention a ſum. The huſband of the Madonna, in whom Aubrey now recognized the perſon who had propoſed a private purchaſe of it, ſtood up, and with a grimace, which beſpoke his certainty of poſſeſſing the picture of his wife at his own price, bid twenty guineas. "Twenty guineas!" ſaid Flouriſh, in a tone of ſurpriſe. "Three hundred," cried Senſitive, with an audible voice. The ſtockbroker's face ſuddenly fell, his mouth opened, and his eye-lids were drawn up towards his brow. The connoiſſeurs turned their eyes with aſtoniſhment on the bidder, who was not unknown among them; whoſe judgment, in ſpite of his youth, was highly eſteemed, and

nd whoſe pencil had evinced talents
ot inferior to that of any amateur.
ome of them were even ſtaggered, and
or nearly a minute watched the counte-
ances of Senſitive, Sir Kit Keeping,
nd another acknowledged judge, who
as in the room. The grave neutra-
ty of the laſt, and Sir Kit's malicious
rin, completely removed the moment-
ry doubt raiſed by Senſitive's ſpirited
nd deciſive tone: no bidder followed,
nd the ſtockbroker's wife was knocked
own to him.

"Generous fellow," ſaid Aubrey to
is young friend, "I feel the kindneſs
of your attempt to give a value to the
picture: but I have not a doubt that
I have been impoſed upon in the pur-
chaſe of it; and pray do not ſuppoſe
that I ſhall ſuffer your generoſity to
be ſo ill requited as to let you have
it: I conſider it as bought in."—

"Why

" Why ſo," ſaid Senſitive, " the paint-
" ing is fine, whoever be the painter;
" and that the artiſt poſſeſſes great ta-
" lents is proved by its having paſſed
" with ſeveral connoiſſeurs for a Ra-
" phael." " Sir," ſaid the ſtranger,
" it would have ſtill paſſed, and would
" have been ſold this day for an original,
" had it not been for the pains which
" have been taken to detect it. Sir
" Kit Keeping has been buzzing it about
" the room, and I know the trick of
" Jacob's wife to be his contrivance."—
" Are you ſure of that?" cried Arthur,
reaching acroſs Senſitive and his father."
" Perfectly ſure," replied the ſtranger;
" I know the parties well."—" In-
" famous!" ſaid Senſitive;" he deſerves
" to be kicked out of the room; as for
" me, I am ſatisfied with my purchaſe,
" and ſhall not give it up." The
ſtranger ſmiled, and being beckoned by

a gentleman at ſome diſtance, left his ſeat, while Flouriſh was preluding the next picture with an appropriate piece of eloquence. "Sir," ſaid a gentleman to Senſitive, "that's the celebrated Mar- "tineau, who ſpends ſo much of his "time in Italy, whence he is juſt re- "turned; he is ſaid to be himſelf the "painter of the Madonna." Both Aubrey and Senſitive had heard of him, but neither had ſeen him.

The latter was expreſſing his pleaſure, and declaring the new value he ſet upon his purchaſe, when a noiſe was heard at the door, and immediately after a ſcuffle took place. In a moment the company were all on their feet, and Aubrey among the reſt, looking for the cauſe of the diſturbance, ſaw Arthur, who had ſlipped away unperceived, dragging Sir Kit Keeping out by the noſe with one hand, while with the other he kept off ſome

of

of the baronet's friends, who were attempting to diſengage them, which they ſoon accompliſhed. The baronet's noſe, releaſed from the preſſure of Arthur's gripe, felt, with the return of the blood, a titulating pungency, which ſet him a ſneezing—" 'Tcha! 'tcha! " 'tcha! damn the boy's fingers! 'tcha! " 'tcha! I'll whip the cub to death." Senſitive, delighted, attempted to hold back Aubrey, who nevertheleſs quickly made his way through the company, and ſeizing his ſon by the arm, ſternly demanded how he dared to commit ſuch an outrage. " I could not help it, ſir," ſaid Arthur, " and indeed I have done " nothing but what he deſerves."— " I am extremely ſorry," replied Aubrey, " to find you ſo prompt in taking " vengeance into your own hands, in " diſcovering a diſpoſition to revenge— " I hope the company will make ſome

" allow-

"allowance for your youth."—"I'll "take care," cried Sir Kit, "to carry "a rod for master the next time I meet "him." Sensitive smiled, and Arthur was going to speak, but Aubrey hurried him away. The baronet affected to treat him as a boy, and suffered him to depart with his father.

Sensitive, who had followed Aubrey to the bottom of the room, returned to his seat. Sir Kit, who, not suspecting the wrath of Arthur, had gone to the lower end of the room in consequence of an anonymous message, also went back to his place, laughing at the audacity of the urchin; and Flourish resumed his occupation. The sale proceeded; the originals went off at their full value; but, unfortunately, Aubrey had raised a host of enemies by daring to abstract himself suddenly from the brutality of Sir Kit Keeping's observations, the day he had

called to consult him on the sale of his pictures; and every piece not genuine, or which was the least dubious, and there were many more than the owner of them thought of, had been marked. Some of these were sold for a trifle, some were not bid for at all; the whole produced little more than a fourth of what was expected by Aubrey, who now practically learned the fable of the viper and the file: the resentment of the unfortunate redounds upon themselves.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Paternal Lecture. Result of the Auction. Preparations for a Journey into the Country. A Paradox. Charles Senſitive. The Family leave Town.

THE emotion with which Aubrey had checked his ſon, and hurried him from the auction room, aroſe leſs from diſpleaſure on the immediate occaſion, than from an anxious apprehenſion of the ſpirit it evinced. Arthur, whoſe mind had hitherto diſplayed only feelings of the gentleſt nature, had lately ſhown a determination to appeal to violence. He had a few days before ſtunned his tutor by a blow, and, with as little conſideration, had now pulled a baronet by the

noſe. Aubrey, however, who we have ſeen, was never precipitate himſelf, could not but reflect, that both theſe actions had been the reſult of noble motives; and when he thought of the part he had in thoſe motives, love became his predominant feeling: his hand, before they got into the ſtreet, had ſlipped from a gripe of the upper joint of Arthur's arm, to a gentle familiar leaning on the lower one. "My dear ſir," ſaid Arthur, "I "hope you are not ſeriouſly angry. "You heard, as well as I, the abomina- "ble conduct of the conceited ſcoun- "drel."—"Arthur," replied Aubrey, "I "am more unhappy than angry: for, as "your motives were amiable, though "they led to an unjuſtifiable effect, an- "ger cannot riſe in my mind. But I "am indeed, very uneaſy, to diſcover "in you, ſuch marks of a haſty temper, "and a diſpoſition to ſuch violent acts

"of

" of resentment, as not only shut up all " avenues to conciliation, but lead direct- " ly to the most dreadful consequences. " From your youth, and Keeping's cha- " racter, I think we shall escape at pre- " sent: but, were you two or three years " older, and he, according to fashionable " notions, a man of spirit, you would be " driven to the alternative of fighting a " duel, or giving up the opinion of the " world. To be indifferent in the lat- " ter case, is incompatible with the feel- " ings of a young man in your situation " of life; and, on the other hand, you " never would be able to bear the re- " flexion of putting a man to death." " I hope," replied Arthur, " that I " shall never experience such a misfor- " tune. I would sooner let a man fire " at me, than I would fire at him."— " Then," said Aubrey, " you ought to " be cautious, very cautious, not to

" throw yourſelf into a predicament of " this kind."—" But, how is it poſſi- " ble," cried Arthur, " to hear or ſee " one I love moſt dearly, injured or in- " ſulted; to know that a father, who is " all goodneſs and affection, is uſed " unworthily, without flying upon the " wretch that dares to treat him ill!"

This was a very delightful and ſeductive argument to a father: Aubrey felt its force; but, at the ſame time, reſiſted the ſeduction. Preſſing his boy's arm with a warmth that ſhowed the gratification of his heart, he ſaid; " Amiable " propenſities muſt be made to yield to " ſober duty. Conſider too, my dear Ar- " thur, that by not ſubmitting indigna- " tion to the conduct of judgment, you " muſt, in all likelihood, entail miſery " on the man whom you love. Reſent- " ment is natural; but the brave and " poliſhed never evince it by impetuous

" attacks

" attacks or ſcurrilous words: they have
" recourſe to calm looks, and dignified
" language. The miſtakes of ſuch men
" are eaſily rectified: but the effects of
" paſſion are rarely counteracted, till a
" crime is committed. If you mean to
" puniſh every ſcoundrel you meet, you
" muſt prepare yourſelf for the character
" of a duelliſt; a character, which, it is
" evident, from your ſhuddering at the
" bare idea of depriving another of life,
" you are not calculated to ſuſtain."—
" I hope I never ſhall," ſaid Arthur,
" for nothing can be more odious than a
" duelliſt; I mean, a captious man,
" ever ready to appeal to a piſtol for the
" deciſion of differences; but when one
" is ill-treated without a cauſe, and with-
" out any reaſon for ſubmiſſion to ill-
" treatment, muſt one put up with
" it?"—No," replied Aubrey, " but
" the means to be adopted for reſentment,

" and attention to the conſequences of
" thoſe means, will always diſtinguiſh
" the man of ſenſe from the proud, im-
" petuous man, who conceives he is
" not born to bear any mortification,
" and abruptly flies to groſs and com-
" mon means of wreaking his paſſion
" on the offender. I am now ſpeak-
" ing of men of the world; men
" who conſider themſelves ſubject to
" the law of honour; among whom
" there are degrees of diſtinction,
" from him who bluſters on the ſlighteſt
" oppoſition, to him who, too wiſe to be
" a challenger, pays his tribute to faſhion-
" able opinion by obeying a ſummons;
" and who, expoſing his life to the leſs
" ſcrupulous dealer of death, fires his
" piſtol in the air. But I hope, my dear
" Arthur, you will ſoon be convinced, if
" you are not already, that however im-
" perious this law of honour is over men.

" of

" of the world, it is not only incon-
" ſiſtent with the divine law, but is in
" itſelf neither rational nor amiable: yet,
" as I do not wiſh you to defy the world,
" I would have you to be ſo guarded in
" your conduct, as not to incur the alter-
" native. This happy courſe is ſucceſſ-
" fully purſued by the generality of men
" of honour: for, how many thouſands
" are there of the niceſt feelings who
" have never challenged, or been chal-
" lenged? Though we hear frequently
" of duels, the number is nothing, com-
" pared with the maſs of men of honour,
" who paſs their life without ſimilar
" encounters; and of thoſe that happen,
" in nineteen out of twenty, the comba-
" tants are not of the moſt reſpectable
" claſſes who acknowledge the law of
" honour as paramount to all others. In
" the army, where every man muſt be
" brave, and where jealouſy of honour is

" carried to the higheſt pitch, we ſeldom
" hear, that thoſe who are greatly diſtin-
" guiſhed for talents and courage, have
" had the misfortune of deciding private
" quarrels in a duel. What is the rea-
" ſon of this? A knowledge of the
" world; a knowledge of the paſſions of
" other men, and a command of their
" own. It is the reſult of patience and
" of prudence early learned, combined
" with good temper, which, to the ho-
" nour of human nature I ſay it, is more
" general than bad temper. But not to
" go from yourſelf: your temper, my
" dear Arthur, is certainly good; and
" till our misfortunes, I have thought
" you ſufficiently gentle; but, if your
" impatience increaſe with every trial,
" you will ſoon be a very different
" character from what I have hitherto
" hoped. Sir Kit Keeping has, I allow,
" behaved very ill; but, if you were
" determined

"determined to disgrace him, I think, "you might have done it better by ex- "posing his conduct. All who heard "the circumstances, would have parti- "cipated your indignation: and what "can be more satisfactory than to know, "that the worthy partake in our resent- "ments? Whereas, before any body is "prepared to espouse your feelings, all "are roused against you, by considering "your action as the violent effect of a "passionate temper, which is always of- "fensive, but particularly in youth." "My dear Sir," said Arthur, with a tear starting to his eye, "I feel I have done "wrong—I ask your pardon." This conviction of Arthur's mind delighted Aubrey's heart. The spirit of his boy could not but be pleasing to him; yet, that pleasure was alloyed by the dread of its taking a wrong turn: and he en- deavoured to inculcate those principles

by which it might be reſtrained, and kept in its proper channel. He compared the ſubmiſſion of Themiſtocles, in the famous ſpeech to the officer who raiſed his cane over his head—"Strike, but "hear"—to the—"you know where I "am to be found"—of modern honour; and brought to his mind the dignified moderation of Philip, who, when told at his own court by an Athenian ambaſſador, that the greateſt ſervice he could render the Athenians, would be to hang himſelf, calmly ſaid: "Go, tell your "ſuperiors, that thoſe who dare make "uſe of ſuch inſolent language, are more "haughty and leſs peaceably inclined, "than thoſe who can forgive them."

This paternal lecture was given in the ſtreets, as Aubrey, leaning on his ſon, conducted him homeward to Albemarle-ſtreet. The trick of Jacob to procure his wife at a low price, and Sir Kit's ſneezing, created

created at first some amusement and laughter in the nursery, where Aubrey and Arthur found Mrs. Aubrey, the girls, Arthur-William, and Mrs. Miller. But Arthur seriously repeated his sorrow for the folly he had been guilty of, which led to a consideration of the injury likely to accrue from the malice of Sir Christopher. As Aubrey's judgment had been deceived in one instance, and that rendered so public, it was natural to fear, that general doubts might be spread, and the sale considerably injured. Not that Aubrey, or any of his family, could have a wish to impose a single painting on a purchaser, for what it was not; but should he himself have been generally imposed upon, and his pictures fail him, his hopes would vanish, his plans be frustrated, and instead of a fund to support a decent appearance at Mariton till he became the Rector, he might not receive enough to

pay

pay his debts in town, and carry him to his curacy.

Mortified by the events of the morning, he felt no desire to return to the auction, and leaving the whole business to the ability and management of Mr. Flourish, whom he had desired to dispose of all the paintings without reserve, he passed the rest of the day in conversing with his family, and in adjusting his accounts for payment. Having examined all the bills, he found the amount of their totals to be twelve hundred pounds and a little more. This was exclusive of his servants' wages for the last quarter, and of rent for the whole year, which, together with an allowance for articles not stated in his computation, he estimated at a sum, that would make, with the bills, fifteen hundred pounds. In spite of the general equality of Aubrey's spirits, he remained in a very anxious

xious ſtate of ſuſpence, from the moment he concluded this eſtimate, till he received the auctioneer's ſtatement of the product of his ſale. The removal of his ſuſpence encreaſed his anxiety; for having yielded himſelf to the dominion of hope on this occaſion, far more fully than he had ever done on any former one, his depreſſion was proportionally deeper, when he became acquainted with the extent of his finances, as ſhown at the bottom of Flouriſh's account; where, inſtead of twelve thouſand pounds, he read three thouſand two hundred and fifty. From this ſum his alarmed imagination inſtantly ſubſtracted fifteen hundred, which left but one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty, and he at the ſame moment recollected with horror, that in his deductions, he had included neither the check which had gone off with Elton, nor the ſum at which the ſpurious Madonna had been

been knocked down, which together, left him ſix hundred pounds in debt to Senſitive.

Mrs. Aubrey was at firſt equally diſappointed and unhappy, but the inutility of repining, and the fear of injuring the ſpirits of their beloved children, aided the natural tendency of their minds to reſignation in leſſening the force of this blow. After experiencing a while the vexation which reſulted from their diſappointment, they began to conſider the fair ſide of their lot; they had ſtill a fund in hand, which though ſmall, would enable them to make their family comfortable at Mariton, and it could not be very long before their income would be increaſed by the friendſhip of Lord Aynsford. In the mean time they determined, as ſoon as they got to the Rectory, to lay down a ſyſtem of domeſtic economy, to which they would rigorouſly

rigorouſly adhere. The hopes that followed theſe reflections and reſolutions, not only reſtored the complacency of Aubrey's mind, and that of his amiable Emily, but imparted unuſual ſpirits. They repeated their unaltered affection for each other, ſaid and felt that it had experienced no diminution from that ardent love with which they had been matually inſpired in the Cambridgeſhire cottage, gaily rejoined their children, and, inſtead of bewailing the effects of Sir Kit's villany, found ſubjects of merriment in the baronet's follies, in the impoſition of Jacob's wife on the many connoiſſeurs who had admired the Madonna, and in the ridiculous, unſucceſsful trick of the ſtockbroker to purchaſe his wife's picture for a trifle.

The ſpring was now advancing; for ſome time the young people had been feeding their imagination with the pleaſures

ſures of the country, and in every caſual glimpſe of verdure caught in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, anticipated the enjoyment of the rural ſcenery around Mariton. Impatient for their flight, they had not only exhorted Mrs. Miller to diligence in packing up, but buſily aſſiſted her, and every thing was ready for departure before the ſale of the pictures took place.

Diſguſted with town, from the incidents which had lately occurred, and ſharing the pleaſing anticipations of his family, Aubrey had nothing to detain him; he therefore gave orders to Cæſar to ſee all the packages, which were directed to be left at Loughborough, ſafely delivered at the warehouſe of the Leiceſter waggon immediately, and to take care that the travelling coach was in perfect order for the journey. He now waited only to receive the ſum his paintings

paintings had produced, which was collected without delay. Having placed it in the hands of a banker, his first care was to discharge his debts. This was soon done among those who considered the payment of money as the criterion of integrity, but not so easily accomplished with one who imagined that the sure and lasting possession of wealth consisted only in that which is given away; a position which, however paradoxical and silly in the opinion of some modern wise men, has descended to us through many centuries as the maxim of an ancient sage*. Charles Sensitive, a youth of fortune, born in the reign of George III. early an orphan, and liberally educated, had received from nature a set of nerves formed to impress the truth of the sage's paradox on his mind, and the money he had parted with

* Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

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on benevolent occasions always gave him more enjoyment than the reflection of the fortune he inherited. An only child, unincumbered with debts and portions, unexpensive in his habits, and having much more than he wanted, he could perceive no wisdom in curbing an emotion so delightful in itself, and in the indulgence of which he foresaw no ill consequence; for though his hand was open as his heart, he was aware that it would be imprudent and foolish to diminish his means, and the danger to which he was exposed did not proceed from indiscriminate or thoughtless generosity, so much as from an unsuspicious disposition, which led him to repose full confidence in whomever he thought worthy to be called his friend. The securities into which he had entered, hinted at by Mr. Cowper, had never molested his thoughts, for he did not conceive they would

ɔuld implicate him; and the ſums he
ıd diſpoſed of, without a deſire of re-
rn, were ſo much amaſſed, in the ſenſe
the maxim, the ſpirit of which was
ngenial to his ſoul.

When Aubrey called upon him to
ke leave, and to return the money for
e check, and that paid to Flouriſh for
e purchaſe of the Madonna, Senſitive,
from viewing it as a criterion of up-
ghtneſs, ſaw with pain that his friend
me to deprive him of part of his trea-
re. He debated the point a conſider-
le time, and at length Aubrey was
ɔliged to compromiſe the matter, by
ffering him to retain Jacob's wife,
hich he perſiſted in valuing highly as
e production of a genius, though not
Raphael, provided he would receive
e three hundred pounds he had lent,
e loſs of which, he was ſtriving to add
his ſtore, by arguing, rather jeſuiti-
cally,

cally, that Aubrey had not touched a ſhilling of it, *ergo*, it would be a great hardſhip to pay three hundred pounds for nothing, and it was no time for him to be ſo nice. The buſineſs being thus ſettled, though Aubrey was ſecretly determined always to conſider himſelf in debt to his friend, the amount he had paid for the painting, they took an affectionate leave of each other, and the benevolent Senſitive promiſed to viſit Mariton in the autumn.

Prepared for their journey, the Aubreys, who had by no means yet diveſted themſelves of the habits of faſhionable life, debated the important queſtion of taking leave of their acquaintances in due form; and it was reſolved, in ſpite of the cauſes of diſguſt which had occurred, to go through the uſual ceremony. Accordingly, a few days were loſt in rapid viſits to thoſe families, whom

they conſidered as the moſt friendly; and, in delivering cards, *pour prendre congé*, at houſes which they had no deſire of ever entering more.

The day fixed for their departure arrived: the ſervants had previouſly received their wages, with the advance of a month, but waited to ſee the family off; for though they had lived with them only a ſhort time, they had ſeen enough to reſpect and to love. The old travelling coach with four horſes drew up to the door, followed by a poſt-chaiſe and pair. The imperials being faſtened on the roof of the coach, and the luggage tied on, the key of the houſe was delivered to the landlord who had received his rent, and had attended at Aubrey's deſire, to take poſſeſſion of the premiſes. Mrs. Aubrey, Arthur, Emily, Arthurina, and Arthur-William, with Mrs. Miller, went into the coach; and Aubrey,

brey, with Cæsar, took possession of the post-chaise. The tears and blessings of the domestics attended their departure, as they drove from the door, bidding a long adieu to London.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Gloomy Proſpects. The Rector of Mariton. His Manner of receiving Aubrey.

"Joy and grief decide characters. What gives its zeſt to proſperity, what embitters adverſity marks the maſter-paſſion of the heart, the object of which forms the grand intereſt of exiſtence, the God of this life—the vortex, the centre, the comparative point from which we ſet out, on which we fix, to which we irreſiſtibly return—that for the loſs of which we are inconſolable; that which we reſcue from the gripe of danger with equal anxiety and boldneſs." It is evident, that the two prevailing paſſions which ſometimes combine to rule the ſame heart,

and ſometimes divide their dominion over men at the period of life which Aubrey had attained, bore no ſway, either united or ſeparate, over his mind. Neither power, nor wealth, was the object of his idolatry; and he had never had occaſion till very lately, to conſider them as means for heightening or ſecuring that which gave to his life its chief energy and value. He had ſhared the common enjoyments of faſhionable ſociety, without feeling them of much importance: but his ſoul was wrapt up in family-affection; his wife, and his children, were his idols. On his proſperity, they had beſtowed all the reliſh it poſſeſſed; they had rendered him indifferent to every other: even the Being to whom in his youth, he had, perhaps inconſiderately, dedicated his ſervice, though reverenced and periodically worſhipped, had comparatively excited lukewarm emotions, ſuch

as

as suffered him without pain to neglect his professional duties, to permit merry blasphemies to pass unchecked, and to confine the diffusion of religious hope to his own family. The joy they had given to his prosperity, was now damped by the change of his fortune, and the fears which assailed his imagination. Though he had no desire for wealth, though he, and every one of his family, could relinquish luxury without a sigh, he could not so easily reflect on the loss of respect and consideration, which he saw was likely to attend the loss of fortune. He had already experienced some degree of it, and fancy was busy in presenting him new mortifications at Mariton, in which the beloved objects of his heart, would probably be personally included. While he was under the impression of these thoughts, his grief would rise to a degree of emotion he had never felt before; and

notwithſtanding his natural equality of temper, they had frequently recurred during the two laſt days in town. He determined, however, to veil his feelings, and had ſucceeded tolerably well; yet, he feared his dejection would ſhow itſelf in ſpite of his efforts, on a long journey in the ſame carriage; and he had, therefore, put Arthur into the coach, and taken his ſeat beſide his faithful Cæſar. His reſtraint was thus removed, and he yielded himſelf to the anxiety of his mind, and to anticipations of poſſible indignities. Among other things, his imagination dwelt on the mortifying degradation of his firſt interview with his employer, in which he figured to himſelf the practical leſſons he ſhould receive on the difference between a rector and a curate.

Theſe painful emotions were ſometimes broken and relieved by reflexions

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on the treasure he possessed in such a wife as his Emily, in such children as were growing up into men and women around him. Young as they were, he assured himself, that he could rely on the strength of their minds for happiness, independent of the opinion of the whole world, if that opinion were the base offspring of caprice and prejudice. "They are "healthy and pure, Cæsar," cried he abruptly, after being long absorbed in thought—"they have excellent facul-"ties, their minds are improved, their "souls are replete with love and virtue. "My Emily and I, can complete their "education—Oh, excellent mother! "Oh, endearing wife!—Then, there is "Miller, and you, my faithful Cæsar: "what have I to fear? we are a world "ourselves: we will defy the greater one, "and be happy in spite of its frowns." As Aubrey spoke, the emotion which had forced its way in words, had also impel-

led his hand to ſeize and preſs the arm of Cæſar. The preſſure was felt at the worthy fellow's heart, and tears ſtarted to his eyes. "Maſter!" ſaid he, "I "very ſorry to ſee you unhappy, it "no for me to adviſe you; but, re- "member what you have ſo often ſaid "yourſelf."—"What's that Cæſar?"— "You no tell maſs' Arthur and Miſs "Emily, that fancy make more unhap- "pineſs, than real misfortune?"— "Very true, Cæſar; and we do, indeed, "ſuffer ourſelves unworthily to be made "the ſport of fancy; but I never had "cauſe before, to admit the fears that "have lately tormented me."—"What, "you fear, my Maſſa?"—"The conſe- "quences of poverty, my good Cæ- "ſar."—"Eh! Maſſa! how you can "talk ſo? You have 'nough to live "upon yet, and well too, wid care. "Maſſa, I will look to every ting very "carefully—

" carefully—I will see dat noting shall " waste."—" I know you will, Cæsar," said Aubrey, again pressing the poor fellow's arm; " but the dread of want is " not the thought that pains me. I " hope, we shall never feel that; but, " there are other consequences of po- " verty; neglect, derision: nor would " these affect me; but, as they will in- " volve those who are dearer to me than " myself—your mistress, my children." " —Every body will love them," cried Cæsar, warmly—" every body will love " them—they never proud themselves, " nobody is going to be proud to them; " and, if some should be so foolish, my " mistress, will make them keep their " distance."—" Yes, Cæsar," said Aubrey, " we are right; and that was pre- " cisely the thought that roused me from " my reverie. We have real happiness " within ourselves, and we shall be the

" more ſure of preſerving it, by exclud-
" ing all who are likely to contaminate it."
As he ſpoke the words, the chaiſe drove into the town of Leiceſter, and Aubrey ſoon alighted at the principal inn.

The family had paſſed a night at Bedford, and when they proceeded the next day, Aubrey, taking the lead in the poſt-chaiſe, puſhed on to beſpeak apartments. Theſe being ſecured, he enquired of the landlord for Dr. Searle. " I
" ſaw him this morning, Sir," ſaid the landlord—" he regularly rides out every
" day in his poſt-chaiſe with his niece:
" he is juſt the ſame as he has been for
" years paſt, neither better nor worſe—
" we have a fine air here, Sir, and Mr.
" Polſon, the apothecary, ſays, the Doc-
" tor's plain puddings and punctual ex-
" erciſe, will certainly prolong his life
" through another generation. Yes, Sir,
" he goes down hill very gently, and
" the

"the ſlower the ſteeper the pitch." Aubrey never heard an alluſion to the decline of the Rector of Mariton's life, without an aukward ſenſation; for though he knew his heart incapable of an immoral wiſh, he could not but feel, that the temporal intereſt of his family was connected with the eternal preferment of the incumbent; and he often ejaculated, "God forgive me!" without the guilt, for the pardon of which he prayed. "Does he ever go to Mariton?" ſaid Aubrey.—"Never, Sir," replied the landlord, "he would not recover the "journey. He is as regular as clock-"work in every thing: in the diſtance "he rides, in the quantity he eats, in "the time he ſleeps. It is what keeps "him alive, Sir."—"What," aſked Aubrey, "is the diſtance to Mariton?" "Fifteen miles, Sir; it is a little beyond "Loughborough, to the left of the turn-

" pike-road. It is one of the pleaſant-
" eſt villages in England, and there is a
" great number of genteel families in,
" and near it." After a few more inquiries, Aubrey diſmiſſed the landlord, by deſiring him to tell Cæſar, to bring in his writing-deſk. Though Mariton was but one ſtage farther, it was his intention to remain at Leiceſter, till the parſonage was ready for his family; and, however unpalatable, it was incumbent upon him to pay his reſpects to the Rector, before he proceeded. He accordingly wrote a note to Dr. Searle, informing him of his arrival, and requeſting to know, when it would be convenient for him to receive a viſit.

While his meſſenger was gone with the letter, the coach arrived, and Aubrey, ſurrounded by his family, felt his ſpirits influenced by the ſmiles and gaiety which never failed to attend them

They

They declared their joy at quitting London, talked of the pleaſure they had experienced in the courſe of their journey, and wiſhed dinner was ready, for country air and travelling, had made them as keen as hawks. As they were going to ſit down to table, the meſſenger returned with an anſwer from Dr. Searle, who expreſſed his ſatisfaction at Aubrey's arrival, and requeſted the favour of his company that evening, hoping alſo, that he would ſtay to ſupper. This note, which was written in a ſtyle very different from what Aubrey expected, was highly agreeable to the whole group, and gave an additional reliſh to their repaſt.

Dr. Searle had led a life which the world had ſuffered to paſs without reproach, and which he could himſelf contemplate with ſatisfaction. His independence, his charity, the gentleneſs

of his manners, and his neutrality in politics, or rather his ſincerity, which exalted him above party, and convinced men of different opinions, that he was ſolely influenced by truth and general good, had conciliated the good-will of all; and the conſciouſneſs of having performed his duties to the beſt of his ability, of having befriended the poor, and of having ſet an example to the rich, left him at peace with his own mind. The early maſtery of his paſſions, and his temperance in the enjoyment of the good things of this world, had preſerved him from bodily ſufferings; and his approach to the termination of his life was the gentle progreſs of unthwarted nature. His faculties were in their wane, his frame was enfeebled, but the grave had no terrors for him, and he was deſcending to it with eaſe and chearfulneſs. It was not till his voice became inaudible,

ble, and his attention wavering, that he entirely reſigned his pulpit; and taking the advice of his friends, gave up his remaining years to repoſe of body and of mind. His underſtanding, which had been endowed with excellent powers, ſtill poſſeſſed a great degree of its elaſticity, and his converſation, though unequal, retained a ſufficient charm to attract both old and young, ſo that he continued to have what company he choſe, and whenever he pleaſed. At the time he became acquainted with Mr. Cowper by means of his nephew, as we have ſeen, he was turned of ſixty; but the vigour of his conſtitution was unimpaired, he was active in the exerciſe of his faculties, his preaching and his practice were conſiſtent, and while theſe endeared him to the poor, his fortune and his manners enſured him welcome among the rich. Cowper, when he received his

his pupils from him, was impreſſed with a high reſpect for him, and had in his turn created an eſteem which was followed by a warm reciprocal attachment. He had occaſionally viſited the old gentleman with his wards, a cuſtom which he afterwards kept up when the young men had left him. Dr. Searle had been at the univerſity with Aubrey's father, and during Cowper's laſt viſit a converſation reſpecting the fatal will took place, which led to the renewal of the friendſhip between Aubrey and Cowper, as has been already related. The latter had obtained the diſpoſal of the vacant curacy ſolely with the view of ſolacing misfortune, but was doubly gratified when he found his old fellow-ſtudent and his family poſſeſſing claims to eſteem ſtill higher than to commiſeration, and he had conſequently written a letter to the Rector of Mariton, beſtowing

g freely praiſes which he thought they
ierited, and which were not the leſs
arm that the congeniality he found in
is friend's circle had drawn forth from
im at large the ſtory of his own mis-
ortunes, and the ſecret feelings of his
eart.

Cowper's panegyric on his friends
as very pleaſing to the old Doctor,
nd prepared him to receive Au-
rey with kindneſs and reſpect. On
is being announced the Doctor roſe
om his eaſy chair, advanced with an
ngaging ſmile, and took him into his
rms. Aubrey was a little ſurpriſed at
e warmth of this reception, but his
rpriſe ſoon changed to admiration,
ſpect, and love. "I am heartily glad
you are come, my ſon," ſaid the
octor; "I have been longing to ſee
you for this week paſt: ever ſince I
received our friend Cowper's letter
"I have

"I have been wiſhing for your arrival. "I am an old man, as you ſee, in the "vale of years; but I have a warm "heart ſtill for thoſe who are worthy of "it, and when Cowper undertakes to "make friendſhips between men, the "uſual ceremonies and trials are un-"neceſſary." He then preſſed Aubrey's hand, and introduced him to his niece, Mrs. Searle, who had been reading to amuſe her uncle, and to his grand-neice, who was at work by her mother's ſide. The former, an amiable and handſome woman, between thirty and forty, was the widow of that Mr. Searle mentioned by Mr. Cowper, and the latter, Amelia, an innocent pretty girl, about fourteen, was their only child. They received Aubrey not only politely, but with a pleaſure and cordiality which could not have been more marked had he been in full poſſeſſion of Aubrey-Hall.

Hall. They were no ſooner ſeated than Mrs. Searle, with an intereſt which enreaſes the charms of a handſome face, nd renders an ordinary one beautiful, nquired for Mrs. Aubrey, and when ne family would be at Leiceſter. On earing that they were all at the inn— Dear me!" ſhe exclaimed, "why did not you mention them in your note to my uncle? I ſhould have come up immediately myſelf, to have requeſted the favour of Mrs. Aubrey to come to us without ceremony"—"Is it, think you, too late now?" ſaid the Doctor. "Perhaps, ſir," replied Mrs. earle, "the journey may have fatigued her, but at all events it is not too late for me to go and expreſs our wiſhes. Come Amy, get our hats and cloaks." —"Do, go my dears," ſaid the old man, and if they do not come back with you, ſit a little with them, and engage

"them

"them to dine with us to-morrow." Mrs. Searle, saying she should return before supper, and that in the mean time she left the gentlemen to take care of each other, went away with Amelia.

How different was this reception from that presented in the despondent reveries of Aubrey. Left alone with the Doctor, he gazed with delight on the placid and smiling countenance of virtuous old age; and his imagination, purified of the chimeras of pride and debasement, of rector and curate, admitted the pleasing ideas of friendship with a faint lingering on the confines of mortality. He sat down in good humour with himself and charmed with his host, who talked chiefly of Aubrey's father, with whom he had been acquainted at an early period of life, and of Cowper their mutual friend. Of the latter he related several anecdotes, with which Aubrey

was

s unacquainted, as proofs of the reſo-
ion and fortitude with which their
end was endowed, after the dreadful
liction which had deprived him of his
ſon for a conſiderable time. "That
calamity," ſaid the Doctor, "ſeemed
neceſſary to form his character; at
leaſt, he himſelf dates the origin of his
reflection from it, and paints his ſtate
previous to that as merely the vague
guidance of ſenſation. He ſays it
made him a thinking man, and im-
moveably fixed him in the plan of
conſidering every future action of his
life in reference to eternity. Severe
then as was the blow, how great a
bleſſing has it proved! Other calami-
ties have appeared trifles to him;
he has borne penury with patience,
and reproach with reſignation; he has
lived on bread and water to avoid
debt; he has toiled to diſcharge thoſe
"contracted

" contracted at the thoughtleſs period o
" his life, and he has borne in ſilence the
" unmerited calumny of the world, in
" conſideration of the ſhame he was
" conſcious of deſerving. At the time
" my nephew met him in London, he
" was enduring with the fortitude of a
" Stoic diſtreſſes under which there are
" but few, bred as he had been, who
" would not have ſunk. From theſe he
" honourably relieved himſelf by ren-
" dering invaluable ſervices to two
" orphans, for which he received the
" ſtipulated ſalary of a tutor; nor has it
" been in their power or mine to pre-
" vail upon him to accept any additional
" recompence. He ſays he was over-
" paid in being reſtored to an independ-
" ence which, by rendering our offers
" unneceſſary, enforces a refuſal of them.
" But in rejecting them he voluntarily
" ſolicited a ſpecies of obligation which

" reflects

reflects more honour on the obliged than on the obligers: the request was to support him not only with our purses, but with our influence, in a scheme of benevolence which he had planned with a hope of meriting, in some degree, the atonement of his sins. He goes yearly into different parts of the country in quest of the unfortunate; he investigates, he verifies their afflictions; he states their cases, he circulates them with his signature. Some persons request him to be the medium of relief, others take pleasure in conveying it themselves. His scheme is known only to few; but though the immediate patrons of it are not numerous, they diffuse its influence to their friends and connexions. It is not always, however, that money is the means of relief; there are delicate

" cases

" caſes which require management. Ob-
" ſcure merit is to be protected againſt
" envy, the weak againſt the powerful,
" the ſlandered to be reſtored to repu-
" tation, malice is to be deprived of its
" ſting, and the triumph of vice over
" virtue is to be reverſed. Cowper is
" often fortune enough, by putting caſes
" of this kind in a clear point of view,
" to give riſe to inquiries, the reſult of
" which crowns his benevolent aim with
" ſucceſs. Then it is he glows with plea-
" ſure, then he confeſſes his obligation
" to the ſupporters of his ſcheme, and
" feels himſelf favoured of heaven."

Aubrey enjoyed this account of his friend, and cordially united with Dr. Searle in extolling his virtues. " I am " much indebted to him," ſaid the Doctor, " for prevailing on you to come " into the country to commence a friend-" ſhip with an old man, and to under-

" take

take for me thoſe duties which I am
too feeble to perform myſelf; and I
hope when you are ſettled at Mariton,
that I ſhall often have the pleaſure of
ſeeing you and your family here, for
though I cannot move ſo far, the
diſtance is nothing to young people."
ne urbanity of the Doctor's manners,
e kindneſs of his language, the evident
cerity of his ſentiments, charmed the
art of Aubrey, who, as the patriarch
oke, inwardly bleſſed him: "O bleſſed
be thy age!—O rector! live for
ever!"

All his imaginary mortifications being
mpletely diſſipated, it was with plea-
e he ſaw Mrs. Searle and Amelia re-
n, accompanied by his family. Mrs.
brey, who knew how to be ceremoni-
s where ceremony was neceſſary, was
leſs ſkilful in judging of its neceſſity;
made it the barrier of unmeaning
civility,

civility, but she possessed too warm a heart not to sacrifice it to real good, and she read at once the character of her inviters, and the unsophisticated nature of the invitation in the amiable countenances and manners of the mother and daughter. Far, therefore, from framing any excuse, she was delighted to show her readiness to cultivate the regard of the Doctor and his family, and leaving Arthur-William to the care of Mrs. Miller, resigned herself with Arthur and the two girls to the charge of Mrs. Searle. The old gentleman was charmed with this mark of attention; the evening was spent in pleasant and friendly conversation, and Mrs. Aubrey was soon as much delighted with the Doctor as her husband was. It was natural that Mariton should be talked of, and the Aubreys learned that they were expected there with much impatience; for they

ad been mentioned as likely to be the
nhabitants of the parſonage, even be-
ore Cowper had reached London, or
ropoſed the curacy to Aubrey; and
Mr. Dodſon, the late curate, having re-
eived intelligence of his acceptance of
as ſoon as Cowper's letter arrived,
ad confirmed the news, and was only
aiting his arrival at Mariton to leave
, in order to go to the vicarage to
hich he had been preſented. On hear-
ng this, Aubrey ſaid, that not knowing
ne ſtate of the parſonage-houſe, he had
ntended to leave his family at Leiceſter,
ll he had prepared for their reception
: Mariton, but that he would proceed
arly in the morning, that he might
eleaſe him. "By all means," ſaid the
Doctor, "leave Mrs. Aubrey to the
care of my niece, and go yourſelf:
Mr. Dodſon will put you in poſſeſſion
of the church on Sunday, which is only

" the day after to-morrow. You will " ſee the ſtate of your houſe, order in " what may be neceſſary for your fa- " mily, and return to us in the beginning " of the week." This was accordingly determined upon, and at ten o'clock, the hour at which the Doctor regularly retired, the Aubreys took leave for the night, and went back to the inn. The family were unanimous in their opinion of their hoſt: " What a fine old man! " what a good old man! what a friendly " ſoul!" was echoed from one to the other. " God bleſs his dear old heart!" ſaid Mrs. Aubrey. " Amen!" ſaid Aubrey; " long may it be ere I ex- " perience the friendſhip of Lord Ayns- " ford! O rector! live for ever!"

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Aubrey's Reception at Mariton. The Family arrive at the Parſonage.

AUBREY's reception at Leiceſter, and the impatience with which he was expected at Mariton, wrought a great change in his ſpirits. He wondered, that he had been able to ſhut his eyes to the inconteſtable right of his family to diſtinguiſhed notice; to overlook the intrinſic merit of an amiable group, whoſe manners could not but produce a reciprocity of regard and reſpect; and he even reproached himſelf with a degree of illiberality, in taking the ſilly conduct of thoſe who had been led by Sir Kit

Keeping, as the criterion for his judgment of the reſt of the world. His reception at Mariton, was as gratifying to his pride, as that at Leiceſter had been agreeable to his worthier emotions. He and Arthur went over in a poſt chaiſe, attended by Cæſar, who rode on horſeback. They drove immediately to the parſonage, where they were received with great politeneſs by Mr. Dodſon, who, while he put Aubrey in poſſeſſion of a handſome houſe, requeſted to be conſidered as his hoſt, till he returned for his family. The morning was agreeably paſſed in examining the premiſes, and in making an arrangement for ſuch articles of furniture as Aubrey wanted, and Mr. Dodſon was willing to part with. It may be remembered, that the former had no houſehold furniture; what he poſſeſſed before his uncle's death having been diſpoſed of when the family went

went abroad, as it would be out of fashion before their return to England. It was therefore Aubrey's intention to see his house first, order what he might want immediately, in the neighbourhood, and write to London for what could not be obtained in the country. This design was in a great measure rendered unnecessary by his having the option of entering the house nearly completely furnished. The moveables that had been put in by Mr. Dodson, were good and fashionable; but, there were a variety of articles which had been long stationary, and which he had purchased from the Rector. These formed a considerable part of the furniture, and though they were not fashionable, they possessed a simple dignity derived from their appearance, and from the proprietors to whom they had belonged, which had always obtained them more admiration

than the lighter ornaments of modern taſte. They conſiſted of maſſy wardrobes, marble ſlabs and vaſes, mahogany tables, large mirrors, and china jars. When Aubrey expreſſed his intention to include theſe articles, Mr. Dodſon informed him, that Dr. Searle had repurchaſed them as ſoon as he knew of his preferment; but ſaid, at the ſame time, that he had no doubt, that the Doctor would let him have them. Having ſettled that the reſt ſhould be appraiſed on the Monday following, Mr. Dodſon propoſed a ride round the adjacent country before dinner. As Arthur ſoon conducted his ſiſters through the environs of Mariton; it is unneceſſary here to ſay more upon the ſubject of its ſcenery, than that he and his father were pleaſed with all they ſaw. At dinner, they were joined by two gentlemen of the neighbourhood, whoſe polite attentions were to

Aubrey,

Aubrey, an earneſt of the agreeable ſociety, he and his family would enjoy in his new reſidence.

Aubrey, though not in the habit of performing the church-ſervice, had occaſionally, while reſiding at Aubrey-hall, both read and preached at Chelmsford, and was always admired in the deſk as well as in the pulpit. The deep clear tones of his voice will not have eſcaped the memory of thoſe who were pleaſed with his voluntary counterpoints, to the ſacred airs ſung by Miſs Melvil, the morning he unexpectedly broke in on the ſlander-ſtricken maid, in the Cambridgeſhire cottage: they had loſt none of that melodious roundneſs which had ſurpriſed and delighted his Emily. To this advantage beſtowed by nature, he had early added thoſe which are to be obtained by application: his ſentences flowed with eaſe, the emphatic words duly received

their force, without prepoſterous violence, and the inflexions of his voice were harmonious. In ſyllabic accent and polite pronunciation he was uncommonly correct, having taken much pleaſure in attending to the beſt ſpeakers in the ſenate, whoſe ſtyle was his ſtandard for reforming the deviations that ſprung up in the pulpit, at the bar, and on the ſtage. In delivering a diſcourſe, he had energy with little geſture: he impreſſed the truths for which he argued, by feeling, and appearing to feel them; but his zeal never approached to vehemence. The conviction he manifeſted in his countenance, was his moſt powerful perſonal agency in convincing others, and he always addreſſed the congregation in that natural earneſt manner, which is the reſult of conviction.

As it had been ſettled almoſt immediately on Aubrey's arrival at the parſonage,

age, that he ſhould read the prayers next day, and Mr. Dodſon preach his farewel ſermon, which he had prepared in the beginning of the week, it was ſoon generally known, that the new curate was to officiate, and when Aubrey took poſſeſſion of the deſk, he had the pleaſure of ſeeing a numerous congregation, a great part of which appeared to conſiſt of perſons of diſtinction. The affability that reigned on the countenances of theſe, and the general ſatisfaction which manifeſted itſelf in every part of the church at the end of the liturgy, now filled Aubrey's breaſt with emotions the very reverſe of thoſe which had been produced by the gloomy reveries of his journey; and he glowed with delight at the thought of the ſmiles, the attentions, the reſpect, the happineſs, in reſerve for his beloved Emily and her children. Mr. Dodſon's ſermon made at firſt a mournful impreſſion, for he was

much reſpected, but the ſubject of ſorrow was doubly counteracted by the conſideration of his removal being the conſequence of preferment, and by his vacancy being filled by one, who appeared ſo able to ſupply his place. In the afternoon, Aubrey again read prayers, and again his congregation was as numerous as in the morning. The remainder of the day was paſſed at the parſonage-houſe, in company with ſeveral gentlemen, who had been invited by Mr. Dodſon to meet Aubrey. Every thing ſeemed to conſpire to gratify his feelings; he was preſſed to bring his family immediately, and Arthur being requeſted to remain at Mariton, while his father went for them, accepted the invitation. Aubrey was himſelf, impatient to ſee his Emily and his children ſettled in their new abode, enjoying the country, and participating his pleaſures; he,

ne, therefore, ſtaid no longer with Mr. Dodſon than was neceſſary to conclude the purchaſe of his furniture. The eſtimate, as propoſed, was made early in the forenoon of Monday. It amounted to three hundred and twenty pounds, for which Aubrey gave Mr. Dodſon a draft on his banker in London. He then took leave of his worthy predeceſſor, who promiſed to wait till Wedneſday for the pleaſure of being introduced to Mrs. Aubrey, and leaving Arthur with him, ſet off for Leiceſter, with Cæſar, in a poſt-chaiſe, which the latter had hired at Loughborough.

He found all his family at the houſe of the Rector, by whom he was again welcomed with the affection of a father. The account he gave of his excurſion, was extremely pleaſing, both to the Searles, and to his own family. During his abſence, Mrs. Aubrey and his girls,

had ſeen ſeveral agreeable families, had been at church, and viſited the caſtle, near which the Doctor's houſe ſtood, being in the Newark. Pleaſantly however as they paſſed their time, Emily and Arthurina were ſecretly impatient to join their brother, nor was Mrs. Aubrey ſorry to find, that Mr. Dodſon's ſituation would fully excuſe her not accepting Mrs. Searle's invitation to ſpend the week at Leiceſter; and the ſtay of the family was accordingly limited to another day, in the courſe of which, Aubrey in vain urged the Rector to diſpoſe of the articles of furniture that he had repurchaſed of Mr. Dodſon. Dr. Searle ſaid, that though he had been prevailed upon to ſell them, he had always felt aſhamed of it; for, they were ſuch things as ſeemed to go naturally with the houſe, and that he ſhould now conſider them in that light. They ſhould be

be at the service of the family as long as they occupied the parsonage; but he had resolved never to sell them again. Aubrey was under the necessity of acquiescing in this determination, and the party having taken an affectionate leave of their amiable friends on Tuesday night, left the inn next morning, Aubrey, in great spirits, filling Arthur's place in the coach, which Cæsar followed on horseback. The road lying through a pleasant country, the travellers were gratified with the prospects, which increased the gaiety they set out with. The kindness they had experienced, with what they saw, what they had seen, and what remained to be seen, excited their imaginations, and they remarked, narrated, and anticipated, with the volubility of gay and happy minds. Arthur-William was not the least talkative, nor was Mrs. Miller frugal of joyous expressions; yet,

as

as Arthur and Mr. Dodſon handed out Emily and Arthurina at the parſonage, ſhe could not help ſhaking her head, and ſaying to her miſtreſs, who ſat fronting her in the coach, "S'bidlikins! this is "only too like our jaunts to Aubrey-"hall."

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Parſonage. Economical Arrangements. The Miniſter of Religion. The Magnanimity of a candid Confeſſion of Error. The Choice of a Profeſſion recommended to Arthur.

THAT the arrival of a new rector or a icar ſhould ſet the pariſh bells in mo- on is not ſurpriſing or uncommon, but does not often fall to the lot of a arate to be rung into his curacy: the ttling, however, of a coach and four to the village, levelled the diſtinction, nd Mariton ſteeple vibrated with as oud and continued peals as it had ever ſounded with before. The family ook poſſeſſion of their abode with un- miniſhed dignity, the illiberal malice

of

of the Pall-mall baronet was forgotten, and Aubrey was himſelf again. Mr. Dodſon took his leave early, as he purpoſed to ſleep at Leiceſter, but before he went recommended his cook and houſemaid to Mrs. Aubrey, who, from the character he gave of them, was glad to take them into her ſervice: thus almoſt every thing that was wanted ſeemed prepared without trouble, and as it were by enchantment. The packages from London arrived at Loughborough the day before, and were immediately forwarded to Mariton.

Left to themſelves, the Aubreys ſoon explored every part of their manſion, ran over the garden, and ſtrolled through the fields belonging to the parſonage. The remainder of the week, as they had few viſitors, none indeed but the gentlemen whom Aubrey had met by Mr. Dodſon's invitation, was devoted to putting

utting the houſe in order, making eco-
omical arrangements, and ſettling the
iſpoſition of their time. The plate
nd china were ceremoniouſly beſtowed
n their proper places, the books intel-
ectually claſſed on the ſhelves found in
ne ſtudy, the piano and harp harmo-
iouſly eſtabliſhed in the ſitting-room
n the ground-floor, and the organ
rected in the large room over it. The
ouſe being a double one, was ſufficient-
commodious, though but of two
ories, with ſlanting garrets. There
ere bed-rooms enough for the family,
nd two ſpare ones. The large room
n the firſt floor, looking on the garden
nd over the country, had been ren-
ered ſpacious, at the expence of the
djoining one, which was a ſmall bed-
oom allotted to Arthur. When the
rganiſt of Mariton, who lived at
oughborough, and was employed to
place

place the organ, had completed his work, exceeding great was the joy of the whole family, and chaunts, hymns, and anthems, filled up the day. The ground-floor of the parſonage was laid out thus: the entrance was a ſmall hall, on the right of which was the ſtudy, and on the left the dining-room, which had a ſecond door opening into the ſitting-room; at the end of the hall a paſſage led to the garden, and another to the right led paſt the offices and kitchen to the court-yard. The ſitting-room was well proportioned, and had a glaſs door, which opened on a lawn, edged with flower-beds and ſhrubs, very gently deſcending to a ſmall beautiful river, one of the banks of which was formed by its turf. This was the trout-ſtream mentioned by Mr. Cowper.

The view of the country from the windows of the houſe, which backward faced the

e ſouth, was rendered rich by woods
d fine paſtures; but there was an
ject about half a mile diſtant, on the
poſite ſide of the river, which height-
ed the pleaſing landſcape into a pic-
reſque ſcenery. This was the ruins
an old caſtle, on an elevated, unequal,
cky piece of ground, which for many
res was unfit for cultivation. It be-
ged originally to one of thoſe power-
and haughty barons of this kingdom,
o had proved themſelves ſuch formid-
le ſubjects in the early reigns after
conqueſt. The great duke of Lan-
ter afterwards became the lord of it,
t it was entirely neglected, and gra-
ally fell into ruin. Many murders
ving been committed within the walls,
is not wonderful that it ſhould have
come a haunted place by tradition,
d it ſtill continued ſtamped with the
putation. It was rarely viſited by the
country

country people in the day-time, and never approached by night. Though the soil near it denied a supply of juices to useful vegetation, some hardy shrubs here and there concealed the sides round the bottom of the castle, many parts of the mouldering walls were clothed with ivy, and though no trees stood near it, the perspective of the wood beyond gave it, from the parsonage, an appearance of an immense pile on the skirt of a forest. It furnished a very sublime point of view to most of the houses in the neighbourhood of Mariton, but from none did it appear finer than from the parsonage. This prospect was an object of high estimation with the Aubrey family, nor were they satisfied with gazing at it; they explored its recesses, and enjoyed the solemnity of the spacious chambers, some of which were nearly overhung with the deep green tapestry of the ivy,

and

roofed by the contracted firmament
ing on the lofty parapets. The ex-
ne dimenſions of the building, the
kneſs of the walls, the magnitude of
apartments, the purpoſe of the forti-
ions, the projections of the towers,
tottering turrets, the rugged ſcite,
ſolitude to which ſuperſtition had
med it, and the ſilence reigning
ınd and in every part of the caſtle,
ed thoſe emotions of wonder and ad-
ation, which while they diſtinguiſh
ıkind from brutes, are in a higher
ree peculiar to the ſons and daughters
taſte. The ſublime and beautiful
s combined on the face of the coun-
to delight the inhabitants of the
ſonage, health and harmony reigned
ıin, and the teſtimonies of reſpect,
h the pleaſures of ſociety, only waited
ceremonial of public appearance.

Meanwhile, Aubrey and Mrs. Aubre
reſolved to ſettle their eſtabliſhment o
the moſt frugal plan, and accordingl
conſulted, before the young peopl
and Mrs. Miller, on the neceſſary ar
rangements. "Economy," ſaid Au
brey, "is of importance in all ſitua
"tions of life, and of the utmoſt conſe
"quence in thoſe where errors are no
"to be retrieved by further plans of re
"trenchment, but complete ruin is th
"ſure reſult of exceſs. Let us the
"reſolve to begin our reſidence her
"with the utmoſt care and circumſpec
"tion. It is true we have a proſpect i
"the friendſhip of Lord Aynsford, bu
"when it may be realized is uncertain
"and the dear Doctor Searle has taugh
"us to dread the event that is t
"precede it. My dear Emily! my
"dear children! I know your hearts
"are

are ſuperior to the temptations of luxury; I know that you value the pleaſures of the palate ſo low, that frugality in diet will ſcarcely be a virtue in you; but it will be of great moment in the diſtribution of our expences."—"Oh! my dear papa!" ied Emily, "we none of us care for eating and drinking. While we have muſic and books"—"And rambles through the country," added Arthu-na; "and rambles, as Arthurina ſays," ntinued Emily; "and pleaſant neigh-bours, and ſometimes a dance," ſaid rthur. "O yes," continued Emily, and dances, as my brother ſays."—And turkies and tarts," added Ar-ur-William. The little fellow's addi-on created a hearty laugh. "I have not finiſhed my ſpeech," cried Emily. With muſic, books, country walks, and dancing, who would ever think of

"eating

" eating and drinking? As for my part, " I could live upon bread and cheese all my life."—" So could I," cried Arthurina, " with a few vegetables, and there " is plenty in the garden."—" A little " solid meat, however, after a walk," said Arthur, " will not be amiss. I " don't mind eating, but mine is not a " vegetable stomach, Emily; particu- " larly after exercise."—" I," said Arthur William, " like the ducks and green " pease we had yesterday; what say " you, 'Sbidlikins?"—" They were " very nice, indeed, sir," said Mrs. Miller, " and as I shall superintend the " poultry-yard, you shall often have " them; 'Sbidlikins! I think poultry be " the best and cheapest fare in the coun- " try."—" But Mrs. 'Sbidlikins," said Arthur, " we must have a butcher."—" I hate a butcher," cried Arthur-William.—" Tell me why," said his brother.

brother. "Becauſe he is ſo cruel," replied Arthur-William. Mrs. Aubrey, who let no opportunity ſlip of removing prejudices from the minds of her children the moment they appeared, aſked him if the cook was cruel. "No, "that ſhe is not," replied he, "ſhe "looks ſo good-natured, and ſpeaks ſo "good-temperedly, and ſhe feeds the "chickens."—"And who, my love," ſaid his mother, "killed the ducks we had "for dinner yeſterday?"—"I don't know, "mamma."—"They were killed, you "know."—"To be ſure."—"Then "aſk Miller who killed them."—"'Sbid-"likins!" ſaid Arthur-William to Mrs. Miller, "who killed them?"—"In-"deed, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "it was Nanny." He ſtared. "Now liſten to me, and remember what I am going to ſay," continued his mother.—"It is more "cruel to take diſlikes without reaſon,

" than to ſlay an ox. Indeed you will
" find that there is no cruelty in the
" one, and there certainly is in the
" other. We cannot live without food,
" and God has thought proper, how-
" ever irreconcileable it ſeems with the
" tenderneſs of ſome hearts, to appoint
" animals to be a part of food. I will
" not enter into the reaſons at preſent:
" your brother and your ſiſters know
" them, and ſo will you by and by, but
" I merely tell it you now to prevent
" your growing up with ſuch a pre-
" judice. Prejudice, you know, is hav-
" ing wrong notions of things, from not
" enquiring into truth, by which you
" may become ridiculous or diſguſting,
" or even wicked. If Providence has
" given animals for our food, the perſon
" who provides meat for the table may
" have a very diſagreeable office, but
" cannot be charged with cruelty, if he
" does

" does not wantonly give pain. It is, I " own, an office that a mild diſpoſition " would be unwilling to take; but only " obſerve what would be the caſe if " every body's heart was ſo tender that " they would not hurt any thing that has " life; *you* would have no ducks, and " Arthur would have no mutton: and as " Nanny is not cruel, no more is the " butcher, if he is a good man. Take " care of prejudice, my dear Arthur-" William; will you, for my ſake?"— " I will, mamma," cried he, " and I " won't hate a good butcher any more." The family laughed at the ſimple equivocation of Authur-William, and Aubrey reſumed his obſervations on the propoſed economy of the houſe. After a few more remarks on the wholeſomeneſs of plain food, it was reſolved, *nem. con.* never to have more on their table, when they were alone, than a joint and

a pudding, or ſome of their own poultry, with the ſeaſonable produce of their garden.

They next proceeded to diſcuſs the conſumption of grocery; when it was reſolved that tea, coffee, and ſugar, were abſolutely neceſſaries, but that a great reduction ſhould be made in the articles of ſpicery. Coal and candle came next under conſideration: with reſpect to the former, it was found that they could not do without a fire in the kitchen, in the ſitting-room, in the dining-parlour, and in the ſtudy; but then it was ſettled that the other rooms of the houſe ſhould only be aired occaſionally; and with reſpect to lights, it was reſolved that it would be extravagant to burn wax, when they had not company. The cellar it was determined ſhould have a certain ſupply, but not to be frequently reſorted to. Barrels of good table-beer ſhould

ſtand

and in the outer vault, for the conſtant
ſe of the ſervants, while a ſtout-bodied
le was to be kept for extraordinary
ccaſions. Some of the binns were to
e filled with good old port and ſherry,
nd a place was allotted to ſpirituous
iquors of the beſt quality. The wine-
ecanters and liquor-caſe were always
o be put on the table after the cloth was
aken away, but the family were to be
ery indifferent whether they drank any
r not, unleſs they had a friend with
hem. As to dreſs, it fortunately ap-
eared that Mrs. Aubrey and the girls
were ſo well ſtocked with clothes and
naterials for making them, that they
would want little in addition for a con-
iderable time; and Aubrey and Arthur
had left their meaſure in London with
heir tailor, to whom they propoſed to
end occaſional orders.

Theſe points being diſcuſſed and ſettled, it remained to be debated what was to be done as to moving about the country. Prudence evidently required that they ſhould lay down their carriage for the preſent; but the neceſſity of going from one place to another as imperiouſly demanded the uſe of horſes. At firſt, they could none of them ſee how it would be poſſible to do without them; but then not leſs than three would be requiſite, for there muſt be a ſaddle-horſe for Cæſar, as well as a pair for the coach; and neither three nor two could be ſupported on the fields annexed to the parſonage, unleſs they gave up the idea of keeping cows. Two cows and one horſe might very well be fed on the land, buying oats for the nag, but it could no more. Either the cows, with all the rich cream, the butter, the milk, puddings,

puddings, cuſtards, and ſyllabubs, they would afford, were to be given up, or the horſes relinquiſhed. One alternative more indeed there was, but it was too imprudent, even in thought, to find a propoſer in the economical circle, for land was very dear about Mariton. "Can't you—?" It was upon Arthurina's tongue, but ſhe turned it off by ſaying, "As the paddock will keep one horſe, "what think you now of a *one-horſe chay of a ſunday*?" It was at length determined that their carriage ſhould poſitively be laid down, but that the coach ſhould ſtand in the coach-houſe, and be kept very nice by Cæſar, to be occaſionally uſed, as circumſtances might induce them to ſend for poſt-horſes from Loughborough; and that one horſe ſhould be bought to ſerve either as a ſaddle-horſe or for drawing a gig, which would be found very convenient. As

the garden was not large enough to require conſtant attention, it was reſolved to continue the plan which had been purſued by Mr. Dodſon, who agreed with a gardener to crop and keep it in order by periodical attention, occaſionally having a village boy or girl to weed. But though they avoided the expence of a regular gardener, there was yet another domeſtic whom they could not do without; a dairy-maid was wanting, for the care of two cows was too much to add to the cook's province; and if it was too little to employ one perſon entirely, the girl would be found uſeful in aſſiſting to keep the houſe clean, and in helping to waſh clothes. The dairy-maid, accordingly, was ſoon determined upon, and Nanny, the cook, recommended her younger ſiſter Patty, who was uſed to cows from her birth.

The

The houſehold arrangements being thus made with the ſtricteſt attention to economy, Aubrey communicated to his family the ſerious deſigns he had formed reſpecting the ſacred profeſſion, the functions of which he had reſumed. Of whatever faults he was conſcious, ſo far from labouring to conceal them from his family, or even to extenuate them, it was his cuſtom to turn the avowal of them to their advantage and his own. Anxious as he was to teach his children to diſtinguiſh accurately between right and wrong, he had no alternative, for it was impoſſible to deceive them without corrupting their minds; nor had he the leaſt fear of weakening their reſpect for him, by obſerving, "theſe are errors, "I muſt endeavour to repair them as "well as I can, and you muſt ever avoid "falling into the like;" on the contrary, he knew that ſuch confeſſions,

guided by ſuch motives, gave him a higher claim to their eſteem. "Emily, "my love," ſaid he to Mrs. Aubrey, "how negligent have I been of my "profeſſion! but I do not wonder, "when I conſider the motives on which "I embraced it. I conſented to aſſume "the ſacred robe and band, in order to "provide for the ſecond ſon of a family, "in whoſe repreſentative it was thought "neceſſary to centre the wealth and "pride of their anceſtors: when, there-"fore, by the death of my brother I be-"came that repreſentative, is it ſur-"priſing that I diſengaged myſelf from "an object no longer neceſſary for the "purpoſe for which I had obtained it? "Could I go back to the time while it "was optional, retaining the judgment "of my experience, no intereſt whatever "ſhould prevail upon me to undertake "the holy office, for I ſhould not think

"myſelf,

" myſelf, at that early period of life,
" equal to the ſtrict diſcharge of its
" duties. It is an awful engagement;
" the moſt important that man can enter
" into, made voluntarily with his Creator,
" to labour to inſtruct his fellow-crea-
" tures in the knowledge of their eternal
" intereſt, to purify their hearts, to re-
" ſolve their doubts, to conſole them in
" affliction, and to keep them on their
" guard in the hours of joy and tran-
" quillity. A miniſter is the vicegerent
" of the Almighty. How ſublime the
" thought! how arduous the taſk! who
" that reflected upon it, would haſtily
" undertake it? What talents, what
" virtues are requiſite to form that ſtu-
" pendous character which ſtands forth
" the ambaſſador of the Deity! In the
" courſe of my reflections, ſince my re-
" verſe of fortune, an extraordinary
" thought occurred to me on this ſub-

" ject. My fancy formed a new crea-
" ture; I imagined the miniſtry of re-
" ligion aſſigned to a ſuperior order of
" beings, continued by ſucceſſion, like
" men, on our own planet. Not a fallen,
" nor incorporeal race; not ſuperior to
" man in faculty, nor exempt from the
" paſſions of the mind, but endowed
" with a ſtrength of virtue that ſhould
" preſerve them genuine and good, and
" poſſeſſed of the higheſt degree of
" human knowledge and talents; fully
" acquainted by intuition with the nature
" of the appetites, yet totally free from
" them; their frames, while exiſting on
" earth, ſuſtained by ſome unperceived
" fluid inhaled with the air, and after
" the ſervice of fifty years, their ſpirits
" tranſlated unknown to men, leaving
" ſucceſſors to riſe from their bodies by
" a new law of nature. Of ſuch a being
" ſelf-excellence and ſucceſs in his miniſ-
" try,

'try would neceſſarily be the ſupreme 'good, the end and enjoyment of his 'exiſtence; to ſuch a being the taſk 'would be appropriate; but for me, 'ſcarcely arrived at years of diſcretion, 'placing the chief praiſe of religion in 'a rhetorical eſſay delivered from the 'pulpit, bred up in eaſe, and fond of it; 'for me to dare accept the divine depu-'tation was no leſs monſtrous than my 'total neglect of it, when it became un-'neceſſary to worldly enjoyments, was 'ſhameful."—"I fear," ſaid Mrs. Au-rey, "that I am more to blame than you, yet I will not ſay a word in op-poſition to the reproach you caſt upon yourſelf, for it ſeems to promiſe an attention that may make amends for the paſt; and let me aſſure you, I am of opinion, that in your new-created being you have done nothing more than paint ſome of the worthy heads

"of

" of the church, your unknown fluid
" and new law of nature excepted.
" Men so far, at least, superior to your
" imaginary ministers, as they have had
" to contend with, and have surmounted
" those obstacles which you have so in-
" geniously removed from your creation.
" What think you of the bishops of * *
" and * * ? of Dr. Searle ? of Cowper's
" friend, Mr. Grey ? The character may
" not be general, but it exists, and may
" be emulated."—" My imagination, I
" allow," replied Aubrey, " was excited
" by contemplating myself. You know
" I do not mean, my dear Arthur,"
continued he, addressing his son, " to
" cast a reflection on the body of the
" clergy; they are, in general, learned
" and pious; yet it were to be wished
" that our connection with the rest of
" society were better understood, and
" more generally realized. Prayers and
" a lecture

a lecture would not constitute the office of the minister I have imagined. They who are about to take orders, like me, merely for a provision, or who, like me, having taken orders, think no more of their engagement, will perhaps, sooner or later, feel like me, that it had been better never to have undertaken the office."—"My dear sir," id Arthur, "I have heard you before condemn yourself, and I thought you very good at the time; but I am more delighted than I can tell with a saying of Lavater's, which I lately read, and which you now bring to my mind: He who has genius and eloquence sufficient either to cover or excuse his errors, yet extenuates not, but rather accuses himself, and unequivocally confesses them, approaches the circle of immortals, whom human language has dignified with the appellation of gods

'and saints.' Arthur's soul was in his face when he said this; it was one of those looks and speeches not uncommon among the Aubreys, which threw a sudden glow of pleasure around the whole circle; for their sympathy was as rapid as their love was cordial. His mother blessed him in her thought, and by her smile. His father pressed his hand and said, "This is very amiable, Arthur; I "feel it at the bottom of my heart. "Whatever truth or error there be in "the aphorism you have cited, one thing "is certain; whoever attempts to refine "vice into the appearance of virtue, or "pretends to appear to his family what "he is not, forfeits his real portion of "merit, and never fails to be discovered, "and to be secretly, if not openly de-"spised. It is the part of a father to "point the way to his children; to lead "it, as far as he can; but when he

"halts

alts in the road to perfection, he will ot, if he be not loſt to virtue, keep hem back, by pretending to be the tandard of excellence. He will call o them to go on; he will glory as nuch, if not more, in their progreſs s in his own, and he will feel in ſome legree his defects compenſated by ex- ellencies, the ſeeds of which were own by him, though the fruit re- eived its perfection from the native igour of the ſoil. With reſpect to nyſelf, I will now endeavour, as your nother preſages, to make amends. I vill become acquainted with all my pariſhioners, high or low, rich or poor; they who need a friend, an ad- iſer, a comforter, ſhall find one in ne. The public ſervice ſhall be duly ttended to, and at home we will paſs our time in rational ſtudies, innocent muſements, and hoſpitality. As to

" you

" you, my dear Arthur, I wiſh that I
" could ſend you to the univerſity, but
" alas! you are deeply involved in the
" effect of the dreadful, unaccountable
" negligence of my uncle. It may yet
" be in my power to enable you to finiſh
" your ſtudies there to advantage; mean-
" while your time will not be loſt at
" Mariton. You muſt chooſe a pro-
" feſſion; you muſt chooſe it before you
" go to Cambridge. I would have you
" conſult your inclination in the choice,
" and to do that you muſt take a curſory
" reading of the elementary books of
" each. This you will eaſily do in the
" courſe of the next year. Your edu-
" cation has given you a foundation for
" any; fix decidedly, then go regularly
" to work in your application, and I
" have no doubt you will in a few years
" make yourſelf ſufficiently maſter of
" what you determine on, to ſupport
" yourſelf

ourſelf honourably, and acquire a
ompetence equal to the beſt enjoy-
ients of life. You will have time
nough for the reading I recommend,
ithout giving up your claſſics, or
ven our general ſtudies."

Arthur declared his determination to
ow his father's advice, and to begin
h Blackſtone's Commentaries. He
he ſhould be happy to be maſter of
rofeſſion, not only from foreſeeing
t it would be neceſſary to his ſupport,
becauſe it would make him of uſe in
world, which not one in a thouſand
ld be ſaid to be of thoſe who had no
feſſion. In this opinion Aubrey
curred; and the girls, forgetting the
vious reading recommended by their
er, were for ſettling the choice im-
diately. "What will you be, Ar-
hur?" cried Emily; and without
ting for an anſwer, added—"Be a
"farmer,

" farmer, and live in the country."—
" That's what Edmund Smyth is to be,"
cried Arthur-William, who began to be
tired of holding his tongue. This re-
collection of Arthur-William's pro-
duced an emotion in Emily's mind,
which ſhe could not account for, but it
was ſo ſlight that ſhe did not endeavour
to trace it. " Be a clergyman," cried
Arthurina; " what can be more de-
" lightful than to have ſuch a place as
" this, and to make all the people about
" you good and happy?"—" If I was
" Arthur, I know what I would be,"
ſaid Arthur-William; " I would be a
" lord, like Lord Aynsford, and then he
" might make me a biſhop."—" Very
" well," ſaid Arthur, " I will conſider,
" and tell you what I think, this time
" twelvemonth." The reſolutions re-
ſpecting the houſehold economy were
reviewed and approved, and the Au-
breys

ys, conſcious of meaning well, gave
to the natural tendency of their
ds to be pleaſed; were innocent,
arful, and happy.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Family appear at Church. Similarity Country Neighbourhoods.

HOWEVER deſerving of cenſure, candid cenſurer will not perhaps thir it unpardonable, that the firſt appearan at church was not entirely actuated b the ſpirit of devotion, and that heaven views were conſiderably mingled wi terreſtrial concerns. Mrs. Aubrey a the girls certainly devoted ſome part ſaturday to conſultation on dreſſes f ſunday; and ſunday was a gala da The mother and daughters might ha been conſidered together as the thr Graces, for though a little enbonpoi

. Aubrey retained the freſh and
ming air of youth, her animated
gave great intelligence to her lovely
ntenance, and her eaſy motion ſup-
d undiminiſhed grace to her elegant
re. Emily was now nearly as tall
er mother, and Arthurina very little
ter. The church being near, and
morning fine, the family all went
t. Aubrey had preceded them,
was in the reading deſk when they
red. Arthur and Mrs. Aubrey,
held Arthur-William by the hand,
the way; and Emily and Arthurina
wed, attended by Mrs. Miller;
ar, in the Aubrey livery, had gone
efore to open the pew door. If the
gregation drew off the thoughts of
Aubreys, they no leſs attracted the
ntion of the congregation. In the
rvals of the ſervice all eyes were
ed upon the clergyman's pew, which
ſupplied

ſupplied food for the uſual paſſions of curioſity, admiration, and envy; for Mariton, like other places, had inhabitants of various characters: however, the general feature of the day was affability.

In the pulpit, Aubrey gave as much ſatisfaction as in the reading-deſk. His ſermon was introductory, and the more intereſting as the application of it might be conſidered as peculiarly relative to himſelf and his hearers. In the firſt part of his diſcourſe he ſtated at large the duties of the miniſter of a pariſh; and the remainder of it he devoted to a conciſe view of the religion he had ſincerely embraced on examining its evidences, and which it behoved him to ſupport and to teach. The ſubjects were connected, and he treated them with that ſimple eloquence which is both convincing and endearing. Full of the pious reſolutions he had formed, he had begun the ſervice with

with unuſual zeal, and as he pronounced the concluding bleſſing, he looked around him, and his heart glowed with the ſacred affections of his office.

After church the family received many ſalutations from the pariſhioners, and were viſited by the gentlemen who had dined with Aubrey and Arthur at Mr. Dodſon's table, and who brought with them ſeveral of their friends, both gentlemen and ladies. Theſe Mrs. Aubrey, on their admiring the organ, invited to return in the evening, without ceremony, to hear ſome ſacred muſic. Heralds of the reſt of the inhabitants, they mentioned the names of the different perſons who were at church, rated their fortunes, and briefly ſketched their hiſtories. Except the names, all that the Aubreys heard was pretty much the ſame as they had known in other country places: a few had very large incomes,

and did not reſide at Mariton more than two or three months in the year; many had good incomes, and went away only for two or three months; and ſome had limited incomes, and theſe ſeldom, if ever, left the place. As to character, a few were ſpoken of in terms of the higheſt panegyric, many were praiſed with a *but*, and ſome were ſwept off with a hint.

In all this there was nothing ſingular, but when Mrs. Aubrey enquired concerning the family who ſat in the gallery, in the red pew, with the yellow curtains trimmed with ſilver fringe; after a pauſe, one of the ladies ſaid: "The name of the family is Spicer; Mr. Spicer made a large fortune by trade, and has been purchaſing eſtates in the county for many years; about five years ago he diſpoſed of his buſineſs, and came to reſide at Spicer-hall. He poſ-

ſeſſes

ſeſſes much influence in the affairs of the county—he is a juſtice of peace"—"and an orator at our meetings," added one of the gentlemen, with a ſmile. The reſt of the viſitors laughed, except a young gentleman, who ſaid, that Miſs Spicer was one of the moſt elegant, accompliſhed, and charming girls in the kingdom. "No doubt," ſaid the lady who ſpoke firſt, "for ſhe has expecta-"tions of at leaſt thirty thouſand pounds, "and was educated at one of the moſt "eminent boarding-ſchools in London, "which ſhe has lately left, and is juſt "come down to Spicer-hall. It is ſaid "ſhe plays and ſings finely."—"Oh di-"vinely!" cried her panegyriſt: "I "have had the pleaſure of hearing her "ſeveral times ſince her arrival."—"I "am glad to hear it," ſaid Emily Aubrey. "She is eſteemed a perfect "beauty," continued the lady, who now

fearing to commit herſelf, determined that the reſt of the information reſpecting the Spicers ſhould come from the mouth of Miſs Spicer's admirer, to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf; "and full of life "and ſpirits, I think Mr. Goſling?"—"Oh yes!" replied he, "and replete "with wit."—"Mrs. Spicer a kind "mother?"—"Oh! very fond of "her."—"Mrs. Spicer herſelf is a fine "woman."—"Very."—"But not "quite accordant with Mr. Spicer?"—"Oh! hate one another like cat and "dog."—"A pity that, for the ſake of "the family; but I hope the reſt harmonize better."—"Why, faith, ſo ſo, "but I don't know; I never interfere; "however they diſagree one with another, they are all unanimous in their "opinion of Eudoxia; they think her "the moſt beautiful, the moſt accompliſhed, and loveliеſt of women, as ſhe "really

'really is."—"I thank you, Mr. Gosling, in the name of the ladies present."—"Thank me! for what?—O! only for your impartial account of Miss Eudoxia Spicer."—"Not at all," replied Mr. Gosling, "I only tell you the truth." Here the company laughed. "Her brothers are accomplished too!"—"So so!" said Mr. Gosling, "Bob Spicer manages a violoncello very well, but Billy labours at his tenor-fiddle."—"Does Mr. Gosling play on any instrument?" said Mrs. Aubrey. "I am but an indifferent musician," replied Gosling, "but I sometimes fall in with the triangle, ma'am."

A general smile, stifling a laugh, indicated to Aubrey, that Mr. Gosling began to be in danger of becoming the butt of the company, a situation in which he never could bear to see any man:

the errors of the heart he thought fairly open to raillery, but incapacity he conſidered as a misfortune not to be laughed at. He communicated his fear to Mrs. Aubrey by a look, who immediately changed the ſubject, by ſaying, that ſhe had been much ſtruck with the countenances, modeſty, and propriety of demeanour of three ladies, who ſat below in a ſeat within three of her pew. "They appear to me," ſaid ſhe, "to "be a mother and daughters—who are "they?"—"Oh," ſaid a lady, "you "mean Mrs. and the Miſs Cambridges. "They are good ſort of people, but "they do not viſit much, being in very "confined circumſtances; they are, "however, received every where, and "often make morning calls. In the ab- "ſence of Captain Cambridge, an officer "between forty and fifty, who having "ſerved in the army in India, where he

"loſt

" loſt an arm, has undertaken a voyage " to recover a large property for the " widow and children of a brother " officer, his friend; his wife and daugh- " ters are living in a ſmall neat box " that he built himſelf, on a piece of " land which unexpectedly deſcend- " ed to him, through a diſtant relation, " who had purchaſed it on purpoſe to " build upon, but had never put his " deſign into execution. The young " women are well enough, but their fa- " ther has always been too poor to give " them any accompliſhments."—" I " think their countenances very intereſt- " ing;" ſaid Mrs. Aubrey: " I hope " we ſhall ſee them at the parſonage."— " No doubt," replied the lady, " they " will call."

In the reſt of the talk during this morning viſit, though moſt of the inhabitants were mentioned, there was no-

thing peculiar in them to arreſt the attention of the Aubreys. The Spicers and the Cambridges ſeemed to be the only ones that had made an impreſſion on their minds; and when left to themſelves they remarked, what a ſameneſs there was in the general view of well-bred perſons, who to ſtrangers and common acquaintance maintain that ſimilarity of character, which is the reſult of ſimilar education, while the genuine traits of the mind are ſeldom actually diſcovered beyond the domeſtic pale, or the circle of the ſerious tranſactions of life.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXXII.

An accomplished Young Lady from a Boarding-School. The Wife and uneducated Daughters of an Officer of the Army.

NOVELTY and the genuine frankneſs of the Aubreys, failed not to make a lively and favourable impreſſion on the minds of their firſt viſitors, who again returned after the evening ſervice, to enjoy the Sunday concert Mrs. Aubrey had offered them. If they were pleaſed in the morning with the conciliatory manners of the ſtrangers, in the evening they were faſcinated with their muſical powers; and the whole of the enſuing week, Mariton and the neighbouring pariſhes, far and near, rung with the report of the acqui-

ſition the country had gained. Every day brought company to the parſonage, till all the inhabitants had paid the welcome viſit. The houſe was in conſtant motion; all was life and ſpirit, joy and gratulation. Never before was poor curate ſo viſited, but then never before did poor curate take poſſeſſion of his curacy under like circumſtances. He came, in the firſt place, as ſole miniſter of the pariſh; and in the next, the name and connection of Aubrey were ſtill remembered, while the extent of his misfortune had not yet reached the country, though it was pretty generally known that he had had an immenſe loſs. The extent of the loſs was even conſiderably ſunk in the thoughts of the family themſelves, by the ſtrength of the hope placed on the friendſhip of Lord Aynsford; a hope that having once received its impulſe before they knew Dr. Searle, was

ſupported

ſupported by its original force, without ny reference to the painful aſſociation. vhich aroſe from the affection he had xcited in their hearts. In ſhort, the Aubreys and the pariſhioners coincided n viewing the fair ſide of things.

At the end of the week the family vere expreſſing their ſurpriſe that they had ſeen none of the Spicers, when a hundering London rap at the door pro-laimed faſhionable viſitors, and Cæſar oon after announced Miſs Spicer. Her igure was of the middle ſize, inclining o corpulency, to conceal which her ſtiff-boned ſtays was drawn as tight as poſ-ible about her body, making a very viſible abrupt diviſion of her perſon, nto upper and lower protuberances of conſiderable magnitude, and throwing the blood up into her neck and face, where the confinement of the circulation collecting the groſs particles of the habit,

threw out ſucceſſive crops of pimples. Her features were not common, yet had nothing ſtriking either as to beauty or uglineſs; her light hair, obedient to the power of hot iron, curled in thick, ſtiff ringlets over her eyes, which were light grey on a large white orb, over which, when ſhe winked, the lids had a conſiderable journey to make in their contact and retrogreſſion; her noſe was an acute angle, the longer ſide journeying from her front curls to the point of the ſhort ſide which proceeded to the formation of her upper lip; her mouth was wide, but her teeth were good, which was a great advantage to the whole turn of her countenance; and being aware of this, ſhe took care that they were not often concealed by their coral veils. Her noſe would have made her ugly, her teeth counteracted its tendency, and to common or partial obſervers, the beauty

eauty of one part ſpread beauty through
ne whole. Her countenance was ex-
reſſive of pain, from the preſſure of the
on on her ſtomach, that voluntary
*eine forte et dure**, which the muſcles
nd nerves ſuffer in the cauſe of ima-
inary ſymmetry: and with the appear-
nce of pain the emotions of real pride
nd affected humility held a divided
mpire.

In ſhe walked, her hips rolling from
de to ſide, her boſom handkerchief
onſiderably preceding her ceinture, and
he border of her train two yards
n the rear. Inſtead of a curtſey, ſhe
odded her head twice or thrice, and
s if long acquainted, ſaid; "How do
do,—how do do—how do do"—her
ps drawn down on each ſide to diſplay
er teeth. She was alone. The Au-

* A penance by the ancient law, for a priſoner who would not anſwer to his arraignment.

brey's

breys had riſen to receive her, and Mrs. Aubrey, in her uſual kind manner, expreſſed how glad they were to ſee her. When they were ſeated, addreſſing Mrs. Aubrey, — "My mother," ſaid ſhe, "bade me give her compliments, and "tell you ſhe caught a ſevere cold laſt "ſunday, which has confined her ever "ſince, or ſhe would have accompanied "me to wait on you to-day." As ſhe delivered this common meſſage, ſhe gave continued ſhort jirks of her head forward, a geſture ſhe thought expreſſive of animation. In a ſimilar ſtyle ſhe made an apology to Aubrey for her father, on the ſcore of buſineſs; then turning abruptly to Emily, who ſat next to her, ſaid, "How do you like the "country?"—"I was always fond of "the country," replied Emily. This natural anſwer called forth an affected laugh from Miſs Spicer, who ended it with

with saying, "I mean this country."—"I beg your pardon," said Emily, "I "like it very much."—"Better than "London?"—"A great deal." This preference excited another laugh in the accomplished Miss Spicer, who was in the habit of giggling whenever she detected a mistake of any kind, or felt the superiority of her own taste when contrasted with that of others. "I love "London," said she, "better than any "place on earth, and the more, because "I have seen so little of it yet: but I "know what a charming place it is by "what I have seen, and I hope I shall "be able to persuade my father to live "a great deal there, or at least to let "mamma and me."—"Does Mrs. "Spicer like town as well as you do?" said Mrs. Aubrey. Miss Spicer laughed—"She does indeed," said she, "and "often stays there a long time together

"without

" without papa."—" I hope," ſaid Arthur, " that Miſs Spicer will not deſert " Mariton juſt as we are come to it."—Miſs Spicer laughed—" I don't know " how that may be," replied ſhe, " I " am but juſt come myſelf; you muſt " aſk Bob when you ſee him; he is " vaſtly fond of London, as every fa- " ſhionable young man muſt be; he is " very faſhionable, is Bob."—" Was " that he we ſaw at church?" Miſs Spicer laughed—" What would Bob ſay " to ſuch a queſtion? he would not be " taken for Billy for the world: Billy is " a good-tempered fellow though; now, " he hates London, and likes the coun- " try, where, on account of his broad " ſhoulders, and thick bandy legs, he is " called the Honourable Billy Spicer: " but Bob! Bob is juſt what a man " ought to be:—in the army, well made, " handſome, degagé; learned to dance

" of

" of Didelot, to ſing of Kelly, to play " the violoncello of Croſdale, makes " verſes like what's his name, and ſpouts " like Palmer."—" He muſt be very " accompliſhed indeed," ſaid Aubrey, ſmiling. Miſs Spicer laughed—" Yes!" ſaid ſhe, " and to diſtinguiſh him from " Billy every body calls him the Right " Honourable."—" Is he in the coun- " try? ſhan't we have the pleaſure of " ſeeing him?"—" Certainly;" replied Miſs Spicer: " he went from town to " Newmarket, and we expect him very " ſoon here."—" We ſhall long to ſee " this accompliſhed brother of yours," ſaid Mrs. Aubrey, " but in the mean time " will not Mr. William Spicer favour us " with a viſit?"—" To be ſure! Oh! Billy " is very much of a gentleman, though " he is not ſo elegant in his perſon as " Bob." She then began to pull the neighbours to pieces in the uſual way,

to

to divert her from which; "Miſs Spicer," ſaid Emily Aubrey, "we have heard "of your excellence in muſic; I "hope—"—"Is your piano in tune?" "ſaid Miſs Spicer, riſing and going to the inſtrument, then without waiting for an anſwer continued, "You play! "don't you?"—"I am learning," replied Emily. "How long have you "learned?"—"I think I may ſay all "my life."—"Who was your maſter?" ſaid Miſs Spicer, ſtriking the chords. "I "have principally learned of mamma." —"Oh! only of your mamma! Will you "ſing? what ſhall I play for you?"— "Here is a volume of Handel."— "Oh! I can't bear him."—"What "ſhall I give you then?" ſaid Emily, naming the works of ſeveral authors. "Have you got the *Soldier tired of* "*war's alarms?*" ſaid Miſs Spicer. Artaxerxes was immediately produced, and

d Miſs Spicer played the ſymphony
the ſong; during which poor Emily,
ſerving the performer to be inaccu-
e in her time, and meditating an apo-
gy for herſelf, was ſuſpended between
e apprehenſion of offending, and the
uctance to creating diſcord, when ſhe
s happily relieved from her dilemma,
finding that ſhe was totally forgotten
Miſs Spicer, who, at the concluſion
the ſymphony, began the ſong, and
nt completely through it, without once
king her eyes off the book. Her voice
as good, except in her attempts to raiſe
to the very high notes of this ſcreaming
avura of Arne's, and there ſhe miſera-
y failed, though ſhe preſſed her epi-
ottis as cloſe, and opened her jaws as
de as ſhe could. The Aubreys ſur-
iſed at its going off ſo well, applauded
r ſincerely. She ſmiled audibly, and
ntinuing in the ſeat, ſaid, "Now Miſs
"Aubrey."

" Aubrey." Emily in vain begged to be excuſed, offering to accompany herſelf on the harp in ſome other air. Miſs Spicer inſiſted on having the pleaſure of accompanying her in the ſame ſong, and began without ceremony. Though ſhe had herſelf reconciled the meaſure of the mutilated minims and crotchets, playing exactly as ſhe ſung, it was impoſſible for Emily to do it, as ſhe had no guide but the time fixed by the author, conſequently before ſhe had half ſwelled the minim over the firſt ſyllable of the word *ſoldier*, the piano-forte was jigging away the quavers of the word *tired*. Emily ſtopped, and again declared her inability to execute the air. Miſs Spicer, underſtanding her literally, and conſcious of her own ſuperiority, laughed, ſhut the book, and ſaid, " Never mind, " my dear, we ſhall do better another " time, don't be diſheartened, for it is a

" very

" very difficult ſong." The Aubreys could not help ſmiling, and Arthur, who was ſtanding behind her, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders; " Come Emily," ſaid he, " ſing—" —" It is later than I " thought," cried Miſs Spicer, riſing and interrupting Arthur,—" I ſhall have " the pleaſure of hearing Miſs Aubrey " another time. I hope we ſhall ſee " you at Spicer-Hall;"—then with the jirking familiar nod, which from the uſe of it by her and her brother, the Colonel, had obtained the name of the Spicer nod, ſaid " Good day, good bye," and out ſhe walked, ſtiffly poking her cheſt forward, and majeſtically rolling in the rear, juſt as ſhe walked in.

" Bravo!" cried Arthur; " hey for " affectation and ſelf-conceit! how good " and compaſſionate ſhe was to you, " Emily! *we ſhall do it better another* " *time—don't be diſheartened—it is a* " *difficult*

" *difficult ſong*—I'll tell you what; we " will have our revenge of her the very " firſt evening we ſpend in her com- " pany, for you ſhall ſing *the ſoldier*, and " Arthurina ſhall play the accompani- " ment." Mrs. Aubrey and the girls laughed. " She richly deſerves to be " mortified," ſaid Aubrey, " but I do " not like your motive, Arthur. What " triumph can our minds have in ſuch a " revenge? it would be loſt in the diſ- " grace of the conteſt."—" I do not " mean, my dear ſir," ſaid Arthur, " that my ſiſter ſhould contend with " Miſs Spicer, but check her conceit."— " I fear," replied Aubrey, " that in " doing that, Emily would only raiſe a " worſe paſſion, of which you ſaw Miſs " Spicer has the ſeeds in her mind by " the manner ſhe had begun to talk of " her neighbours before your ſiſter turn- " ed the ſubject to muſic. I never met

" a young

" a young woman who ſtood in more " need of admonition, but irritation and " expoſure ſeldom effect a reform. In " time, when we have been longer ac- " quainted, I ſhall perhaps find proper " occaſions to admoniſh without pro- " voking her. It is my duty; but it " muſt be done delicately, and who " knows but we may have the ſatiſ- " faction of ſeeing her become wiſe and " amiable?" As he ſpoke, Cæſar announced Mrs. and the Miſs Cambridges.

Mrs. Cambridge was a middle-aged woman, rather above the common ſize, well formed, and poſſeſſed of a very pleaſing countenance; her daughters were tall, unfettered, handſome, and prepoſſeſſing. Sophia, the elder, had rather more animation in her features than her ſiſter Mary Ann, whoſe face and mein expreſſed timidity. They entered the room with as much eaſe as if

bred

bred at a court, at the ſame time with that propriety of demeanour which, attracting Mrs. Aubrey's notice at church, had left a favourable impreſſion that was now comfirmed by their appearance. "We "come," ſaid Mrs. Cambridge, advancing towards Mrs. Aubrey, "to pay you "our viſit of ceremony, and in delaying "it till to-day we were influenced by "the hope of finding you more diſen-"gaged than you would have been "earlier in the week; theſe are my "daughters, Miſs Cambridge and Mary "Ann." Mrs. Aubrey aſſured her ſhe was happy to ſee her, and the whole party having interchanged ſalutations, and taken their ſeats, Aubrey ſaid he hoped in the courſe of no long time to have the pleaſure of Captain Cambridge's acquaintance. "Indeed I am afraid it "*will* be long," replied ſhe; "his "friend Major Edwards left him guar-

"dian

" dian to his ſons, and truſtee of their
" fortunes; they are grown up young
" men. After receiving a good educa-
" tion in England they returned to
" India, and found their father dead,
" leaving the will he had made while
" we were there unaltered. Mrs. Ed-
" wards was ignorant of buſineſs, and
" my huſband's preſence was conſidered
" as neceſſary, not only to the arrange-
" ment of their affairs, but to the very
" ſalvation of their fortune. Cam-
" bridge, who would think nothing of
" going through fire to ſerve a friend,
" thought as little of the water between
" this and Bengal. He grieved to leave
" us, but it was a duty; he would have
" taken us with him had it been poſ-
" ſible. He has been gone two years,
" and I fear another will not bring
" him back."—" His conduct is very
" noble," ſaid Aubrey. " No wonder,"

replied she, "for he is in every thing a "noble fellow."

The unaffected style, and evident sincerity of this eulogy, more than atoned in the minds of the Aubreys for the breach of that custom which prohibits the commendation of near relations; it exalted her. But Mrs. Cambridge was not ignorant of the custom. "Forgive "me," said she, "your observation "drew from me the sentiment of my "heart, but do not therefore think us "self-praisers."—"Nothing is easier," said Mrs. Aubrey, "than to distinguish "between vain-glory and the natural "amiable impulse of the soul. I should "be sorry to have lost this instance of "the latter."—"If he live to return," replied Mrs. Cambridge, elated by this sentiment, "you will find him fully "justifying it."—"We miss him very "much," added Miss Cambridge, "he "has

" has ſeen a great deal of the world, and " is ſo ſenſible and ſo cheerful." This effuſion of the daughter's was no leſs pleaſing than that of the wife, and its effect was very viſible in the countenances of the Aubreys. " Were you " abroad with your papa?" ſaid Arthurina to Mary Ann. " Yes," ſhe replied, " we were in Bengal near three " years when we were very young, but " he did not like that we ſhould grow " up in India, and mamma brought us " home."—" Dear!" cried Emily, " it " muſt have been dreadful to part!"—" It was indeed, Miſs Aubrey," ſaid Mrs. Cambridge, " and particularly as " there was a miſunderſtanding between " the government and one of the moſt " powerful Nabobs of the country. It " ſoon after broke out into hoſtilities, in " the courſe of which Captain Cam- " bridge received a wound, by which he

" loſt an arm. This misfortune, how-
" ever, reſtored him to us the ſooner:
" we were not above eighteen months
" home before he rejoined us, and was
" put upon half-pay. We then lived
" in France for ſome time, till inheriting
" from one relation a ſmall piece of
" land in this village, and receiving a
" legacy in conſequence of the will of
" another, he determined to ſettle here.
" He built the houſe we live in, and
" laid out our little garden himſelf."—
" I wiſh he would come back," cried Arthur-William, who was a phyſiognomiſt by nature, and perceived in the faces of the Cambridges the attaching lines of affection. " He
" will, my love, by and by," ſaid Mrs. Cambridge, putting out her hand with a ſmile to Arthur-William, who ran and ſhook hands with her. " You talk
" French then," ſaid Emily to Miſs Cambridge.

Cambridge. "We have no opportu-
"nity," replied ſhe, "to talk here; but
"we ſtrive to keep it up among our-
"ſelves, to pleaſe my father, who wiſhes
"that we ſhould not loſe what we
"learned abroad."—"Does not Miſs
"Spicer ſpeak French?" ſaid Mrs.
Aubrey. "We have heard that ſhe
"does," replied Miſs Cambridge, "but
"ſhe has not been here above ſix weeks,
"and we have met her only twice."—
"They ſay," cried Arthur, "that ſhe
"is very accompliſhed."—"We have
"heard ſo," ſaid Miſs Cambridge,
"and particularly that ſhe excels in
"muſic; but we are no judges, if we
"had even been favoured with an op-
"portunity of judging. We have been
"told to expect much gratification here
"in that delightful attainment."—
"We are all fond of muſic," ſaid Mrs.
Aubrey, "and cultivate it in conſe-

" quence with great perſeverance. I " truſt, however, we make it an inno- " cent purſuit, by not neglecting more " material ones for it; for however rated " it may be as an accompliſhment, it " can only be valuable as an amuſe- " ment. As ſuch alone we eſteem it, " and as ſuch it affords a pure pleaſure; " but as an accompliſhment it certainly " does not deſerve the place it holds in " ſociety."—" Accompliſhments," ſaid Aubrey, who inſtantly perceived and accorded with his wife's deſign, " which " depend on the acuteneſs of the ſenſes, " rank far beneath the loweſt intellec- " tual attainments. Moral reaſonings " impreſſed upon the mind; an ac- " quaintance with the appearances of " nature, with the hiſtory of nations and " diſtinguiſhed perſons, with the diver- " ſions, cuſtoms, and manners of the " world; a turn for poetry, a knowledge

" of

"of languages; even reading and wri-
"ting well, are surely infinitely more
"valuable than music and dancing, which
"are so highly appreciated. The whole
"merit of these consists in the possession
"of a good eye, a good ear, and supple
"limbs; whoever inherits such personal
"qualities from nature, will be easily
"made proficients accordingly: but in-
"tellectual accomplishments require a
"union of superior faculties with in-
"dustry, and give a higher relish to
"society. It is laughable to observe
"the effects of the rage for teaching
"music; ear or no ear, voice or no
"voice, every Miss must play and sing
"to the total obstruction of all conver-
"sation, and generally to the dire annoy-
"ance of every ear tuned to harmony.
"Who would not rather be able to re-
"peat a fine poem, and to enjoy its
"beauties, than to play the finest sonata

"that ever was compoſed?" Mrs. Cambridge looked at her daughters with a pleaſure ſhe thought underſtood alone by them, but without aſſenting or diſſenting to Aubrey's remarks, ſhe ſaid that neither ſhe nor her daughters had any ſkill in the ſcience of muſic, but that it was always a great gratification to them, and ſhe thought it a deſirable accompliſhment.

Aubrey dwelt on the ſuperiority of books and rational converſation, and, with the help of Mrs. Aubrey, imperceptibly drew forth the talents of the Miſs Cambridges, whoſe converſation became extremely intereſting, and far exceeded the expectation of the Aubreys. They were not only well verſed in the works of Pope, Thomſon, Gray, and Goldſmith, but ſpoke with delight and intelligence of many parts of Paradiſe Loſt, a favourite of their father's, who took

took great pleaſure in the ſublime battles between the angels and the devils. They quoted ſome of the moſt beautiful paſſages of Shakſpeare, and ſupported their remarks by alluſions to the ſentiments of celebrated authors; but theſe were made without the ſlighteſt degree of pedantry, as ariſing from the intereſt of the ſubject and a lively recollection, and had not the ſlighteſt appearance of an affected diſplay of a little learning. Some obſervations on the concluding ſtanzas of the celebrated Odes of Dryden and Pope, reſpecting the different effects attributed by them to the powers of the divine inventreſs of the organ, again led to the ſubject of muſic. It was agreed to confirm the general preference given to Dryden's performance, becauſe it had been juſtly ſaid, that "the paſſions excited by him are the pleaſures and pains of real life, whereas the ſcene of Pope

was laid in imaginary exiſtence; Pope was read with calm acquieſcence, Dryden with delight; Pope hung upon the ear, and Dryden found the paſſes of the mind;" but Miſs Cambridge thought that there was no paſſage in Dryden's to compare with the picture given to the mind by theſe lines:

When the full organ joins the tuneful choir
Immortal powers incline their ear:
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

"True," ſaid Aubrey, "but was not "the hint taken from the other ode?

"She drew an angel down."

"It may be," replied ſhe, "but does "that give ſo divine an idea as *angels* "*leaning from heaven to hear?*"—"I "think with you, Miſs Cambridge," ſaid

ſaid Mrs. Aubrey, "that the inclining "of a celeſtial hoſt is not matched, "and that the invention of the vocal "frame is more honoured by it, than "by the deſcent of a ſingle angel."— "It was an obvious thought too," obſerved Mrs. Cambridge; "for it "ſeems naturally ſuggeſted by ſacred "ſongs accompanied on the organ, "which, when well played, almoſt gives "an idea beyond that of liſtening. The "ſounds of the inſtrument being vocal, "it requires no very great ſtretch of "imagination to ſuppoſe the heavenly "choir joining in the anthem."—"The "idea is ſublime," ſaid Aubrey, "and "if it could be generally diffuſed during "an oratorio, would heighten the glow "produced by the grand choruſes of "Handel." Here the ſubject turning upon the voice, from Dryden's deſcribing the organ as a vocal frame, Aubrey

declared a decided preference to the human voice above all inſtruments, and aſked Mrs. Cambridge if the Miſs Cambridges ſung. She ſaid that they had never learned any kind of muſic, but that they had a good ear, and their voices had been ſometimes much praiſed. She did not pretend to be a judge, but to her they ſeemed very ſweet. This produced a requeſt which was accorded without heſitation, and the Aubreys were charmed to hear the ſiſters ſing together, not only in very melodious tones, but with juſt harmony. In return, Emily and Arthurina ſung to the piano-forte, accompanied by Arthur's violoncello; after which Mrs. Cambridge, however delighted, recollected that ſhe had far exceeded the limits of a firſt call of ceremony; and, having expreſſed her pleaſure, and ſtayed till her daughters had given way to their rapture,

roſe

roſe to go, begging Mrs. Aubrey to lay the blame of her long viſit on thoſe who had been the cauſe of her forgetting time. Emily and Arthurina ſhook hands in a friendly manner with the ſiſters, and the whole family, thoughtleſs of ceremony, accompanied the Cambridges to the door, where they parted with ſmiles, and mutual aſſurances of a deſire to cultivate a friendſhip. The Aubreys returned to the ſitting-room, overflowing with the praiſes of theſe *well-enough*, *unaccompliſhed* young women, and their amiable mother.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Resolutions depending on the Will of others seldom easily executed. Visits from more of the Spicer Family. Emphatic Looks and Cecisbeos. A Party to Warwick. A Conversazione and Concert at Spicer-Hall. The Danger of Envy and Stiff Stays together.

THE visits received by the Aubreys were all returned, and in the usual progress of time the family were established on an agreeable and easy footing with the inhabitants of Mariton and the neighbouring places. They never once thought of the Dirks, the Vultures, or the Grinaways, who had seats at different and distant parts of the country, but, according to their usual characters, enjoyed

joyed time as it paſſed, innocently, and doing all the good in their power. Aubrey, adhering to the reſolutions he had formed, not only viſited the rich, but every claſs of his pariſhioners, on the principle of duty. Among the former, however, he ſoon found the pales of independence, and the barriers of habit oppoſed to all his deſigns of admonition. His religion was repelled to the deſk and the pulpit; there he was attended to and admired; but at table, and in company, he found that he muſt be Mr. Aubrey, or the parſon; courted for feſtive qualities, or quizzed for ſanctity. Among the lower orders he found a ſpirit of metaphyſical and political enquiry, combined with a warped imagination and a defective logic, the offſprings of debating clubs eſtabliſhed at Loughborough and other towns, that no leſs fenced off in private the moral

and

and religious interference of the miniſter, and penned up his miniſtry within the walls of his church, which on various motives was conſtantly attended by moſt of the inhabitants. Aubrey, however, determined not to be diſcouraged, for as Rome was not built in a day, neither was Mariton to be made another Melford without time, and the influence of ſuch a miniſtry as that of the Greys.

Meanwhile, in the ſocial civilities of their neighbours, the family found ſufficient reſources of variety when they left their ſtudies, and were diſpoſed for company. By ſome they were attracted more than by others, according to the approximating degrees of the mental affinities. With none were they inclined to unite more completely than with the Cambridges; yet though, when they met, the attraction ſeemed mutual; the ſteady adherence of Mrs. Cambridge to the rules

rules ſhe had laid down on parting with her huſband, was an obſtruction to frequent viſits. The Aubreys loved the Cambridges more, and ſaw them leſs, than any other of their neighbours. Nor were the Spicers at firſt very ardent viſitors. When Emily and Arthurina returned Miſs Spicer's viſit ſhe was not at home, and it was full a fortnight after before either her father or mother appeared at the parſonage.

On the arrival, however, of Col. Bob Spicer, who, on hearing of the beauty and accompliſhments of Emily Aubrey from ſome of the inhabitants, wiſhed to form an intimacy between the families, Mr. and Mrs. Spicer had ſeparately on the ſame morning called. Mr. Spicer was neither tall nor ſhort, but ſquare built, and inclined to corpulency. His countenance, in ſpite of an habitual, hypocritical

pocritical ſmile, was expreſſive of a turbulent ſpirit, and a deſigning ſoul; his eyes rolled from ſide to ſide when he ſpoke, as if the motion of them were neceſſary to ſecure his ideas, and aſſiſt in giving them birth, and his under lip, of a diſproportioned magnitude, hung cuſhioned on his chin. Though ignorant of almoſt every thing but the buſineſs by which he made his fortune, he had a great ambition to be conſidered as a man of very ſuperior intellect, which led him to a conceit that he poſſeſſed eloquence enough to gain the admiration of country people, though his attempts never failed to expoſe his ignorance, and render him ridiculous. He was of too much importance to make a long viſit; he converſed on wool and cloths with Mrs. Aubrey, on tolls and highways with Aubrey, took no notice of

any

any other perſon in the family, and left them in a hurry to attend a veſtry on buſineſs relative to pariſh rates.

Mrs. Spicer was of a very diſſimilar character, except in the conceit of ſuperior parts; but then the objects of it were of a different nature from thoſe of her huſband's: fine writing, poetry, correct pronunciation, emphatic words, accompanied by emphatic looks, French and Italian, and an independent taſte for drawing and muſic, though ſhe neither drew nor played, were the accompliſhments on which ſhe prided herſelf. This pride was ſtill exceeded by perſonal vanity. Her perſon vied with that of her daughter in tightneſs and abrupt protuberances, but on a much larger ſcale. The features of her face were ill aſſorted: ſhe had a ſmall noſe between large cheeks, and thin lips with a wide mouth, which never opened over

leſs,

leſs than the whole of the upper gum; but the natural effect of theſe deformities was conſiderably counteracted by her eyes, which were good both in ſhape and colour, and, like her daughter's teeth, were to common obſervers a ſufficient paſſport for the lady's pretenſions. What however moſt diſtinguiſhed Mrs. Spicer in her own opinion from the vulgar herd, were the acuteneſs of her feelings, and the delicacy of her ſentiments, and ſhe had always conſequently her mental attachments; one particular perſon in her confidence on all topics of the ſoul, with whom alone ſhe commerced by emphatic looks in company, and in private by the uninterrupted flow of congenial thought in expreſſive language. Of theſe attachments Mrs. Spicer had had many, but never more than one at a time, except once, and finding it incompatible, ſhe gave up one

of

of them. The uſual changes of theſe particular friends were produced by ſome capricious interference of her huſband, ſome unexpected detection of a diſſimilarity of ſentiment, or ſome offer of a more agreeable ceciſbeo, for the honour of which office there had been more than one conteſt; but whether theſe aroſe from admiration of the lady, or of the valuable preſents ſhe was known to make to her boſom companions, was never clearly decided. Mr. Goſling was her preſent *commercer*. She brought him with her from London the year before, while Miſs Spicer was at ſchool, and with whom he managed alſo to keep upon good terms; his praiſes being liberally beſtowed upon her, with Mrs. Spicer's conſent, who, far from being jealous of her daughter's perfections, was proud of them, as being chiefly derived from herſelf. Goſling was a ſimple, good-

good-tempered fellow, resolved not to make enemies, and generally successful in making friends, by combining with inferior abilities the habit of praising with some skill. He was laughed at and liked. When Mrs. Spicer paid her first visit at the parsonage he attended her, and astonished the Aubreys by the perseverance with which he returned her emphatic looks, during the short conversation that took place, in which she displayed the stores of her mind. Having had all, or most of the talk to herself, she went away highly pleased with the Aubreys, who the very next morning received cards of invitation to a *conversazione* that day week, to be followed by a concert.

Scarcely was the answer accepting the invitation written, when an agreeable voice singing was heard in the hall, and immediately after Col. Spicer was announced.

nounced. He did not give over ſinging till he was quite in the room. He was a little well-made man, and his countenance would have been a pleaſing one, had it not been for a certain archneſs he invariably ſported in his left eye, the corner of which was for ever on a half wink, while a ſeemingly ſignificant ſmile perſevered in poſſeſſion of the correſpondent corner of his mouth, and for the beard left on each ſide of his face, deſcending in whiſkers, and diminiſhing as they deſcended, from an inch in breadth to a point almoſt reaching his chin. He was dreſſed in a plain green frock, cut off behind in the utmoſt extravagance of the faſhion, while a ſtiff cape almoſt towered above his powdered head. Over three diſtinct underwaiſtcoats he wore one of buff caſimere, the bottom of which met the top of his buckſkin breeches acroſs his cheſt. His buckſkins

buckſkins buttoned over the calves of his legs, the reſt of which was covered with a fleſh-coloured ſilk ſtocking, and a ſlipper tied with a ſtring for a ſhoe; a round hat and whip in his hand, and a quizzing glaſs ſuſpended to his neck by a black ribbon, and bobbing about on his leather waiſtband, completed the perſon of the Right Honourable Bob Spicer. He ſaluted the Aubreys with the Spicer nod, and addreſſed them with all the familiarity of old acquaintance, ogling Emily and her mother by turns, and not knowing on which to beſtow the greater ſhare of what admiration he had to ſpare from himſelf. He talked of their dreſs, of their roſeate health, of the report he had received of their voices, and ſung them an airy French ſong. "*Vive la bagatelle!*" cried he in concluding it, then added, addreſſing Emily —"La divine Emilie parle François— n'eſt

n'eſt ce pas?" Emily ſmiled, and with a bow declined entering into converſation in French. He then aſked her to join in a duet with him, and mentioned ſeveral French ones; but all ſinging was avoided by the Aubreys, who, though his voice was ſweet, were determined not to feed his vanity. Not to offend him, however, Mrs. Aubrey promiſed to join in a duet with him at Mrs. Spicer's concert. He thanked her with a leer, and turning ſuddenly to Arthur, ſaid, "There will be a good ſhow of "pretty faces on Thurſday at Warwick, "I have juſt had a letter that tells me "great preparations are making for the "county ball—will you go?—come, "what ſay you?—I am going—we will "come back the very next day if you "like it." Though Arthur wiſhed to ſee Warwick, and liked the propoſal much,

much, yet he did not think that Aubrey would approve his going as the companion of the propoſer. "I thank you, "Colonel," ſaid he, "but I am too "much engaged this week to accept "the pleaſure you offer." Colonel Spicer then applied to Aubrey, and ſaid that Mr. Rowley was going, and that they ſhould be very glad of Arthur's company. The mention of an amiable young man, living near Mariton, of whom Aubrey had a good opinion, removed the objection he felt to his ſon's going, and determining beforehand to ſpeak to Mr. Rowley, he told Arthur that he had better take the opportunity of ſeeing Warwick and the company. This removing the only objection Arthur had, it was reſolved that he ſhould accompany Mr. Rowley and Col. Spicer to Warwick; and

the

the latter, after ſtrutting ſeveral times about the room in a familiar way, took his leave.

"Is this," exclaimed Emily, as ſoon as he was gone, "is this the Right "Honourable all-accompliſhed Bob "Spicer!"—"There is great frivolity "in his appearance," ſaid Aubrey, "but "he is young; let us hope he may im-"prove."—"To be ſure," obſerved Mrs. Aubrey, "there is no length "to which hope may not carry us."—"He ſmelt very ſweet," ſaid Arthur-William. This created a laugh, and Arthurina taking the little fellow by the hand, ran with him into the garden, whither they were followed by the reſt of the family. The next day, which was Tueſday, Aubrey ſaw Mr. Rowley, and begged his attention to Arthur in their jaunt to Warwick. As it was a town famous in ancient ſtory, he wiſhed

that the party ſhould not merely go to the ball and back the day after, and therefore propoſed that they ſhould go over on Wedneſday and ſtay till Saturday. This was agreed to, and Arthur, on quitting Mariton, for the firſt time of his life, found himſelf from under the immediate guidance of his father. The whole family ſaw him depart with pleaſure, becauſe they knew it was to give him pleaſure, and his ſiſters would have been glad to go to the ball with him, though they were aware, that neither of them was yet old enough to appear at a public aſſembly. In the abſence of their brother, the girls took a delight in ſtrolling daily on the Warwick road, and talking of him; and on Saturday afternoon, they went on in hopes of meeting him ſo far, that returning they were benighted, and walked full half an hour in the dark before they reached home. It was fortunate

tunate for the family, that Mr. Rowley was with Arthur, as it ſaved them much pain, when it appeared, that the party prolonged their ſtay. Sunday paſſed, and Monday, the day fixed for Mrs. Spicer's concert, yet none of them appeared; but Aubrey fully depended on Mr. Rowley, and was not uneaſy.

In the evening he attended Mrs. Aubrey, Emily, and Arthurina, who were dreſſed with great taſte, to Spicer-Hill. After aſcending a handſome ſtaircaſe, they went forward into an antichamber, where a footman was ſtationed to announce the names of the company. He opened the door to the right, and uſhered Aubrey and the ladies into the drawing-room with the uſual ceremonies. Mrs. Spicer, ſeated at the top of the room with two of her moſt intimate friends from Loughborough, on a large elegant ſopha, waited till the Aubreys

came up close to her before she rose, which at last she did, in what she thought a graceful zigzag, making two sides of an angle up, and, without stopping, the same two sides of an angle down, begging at the same time with a gracious smile, that they would take their seats. They accordingly bowed and filed off. As they were not late, their chairs were not very far from the sopha. By degrees the room filled, and the Aubreys sat in constant expectation of the commencement of the promised conversation. For half an hour, nothing passed but an interchange of salutation, and then tea was handed round: the gentlemen stood together in the middle of the floor discussing markets, parish affairs, and country banks; the ladies sat, some in silent observation, some talking with those next to them. The master of the house was not present; Aubrey found afterwards, that

that he never would attend his wife's coteries, which were always the source of ill-humour, contention, and violence between them: the Colonel was at Warwick; and the honourable Billy Spicer, with Mr. Gosling for an aid-de-camp, was the only master of the ceremonies. Billy lived with his father to be his secretary and keep his books, and, as he had great hopes in his consideration, he generally, when there was any variance between his father and mother, sided with the former, in his presence; but otherwise, he was always subservient to the latter, who accordingly made every allowance for the prudence of her son. While Mr. Gosling's attentions were paid to the sopha, Billy Spicer, though certainly his legs were less formed than Gosling's for parading a drawing-room, walked round the circle of ladies to ask if the tea were properly served.

In this manner was the *converſazione* conducted for an hour and a half while the company ſipped tea, till at length a general laugh among the gentlemen, rouſed a general curioſity among the ladies, and Mrs. Spicer raiſing her voice, called out, "Do, let us have that: we "muſt have that"—on which, ſilence enſuing, one of the gentlemen addreſſing Mrs. Spicer, ſaid: "Madam, we were "talking of the evil ariſing from country "banks, and I believe the ſubject was fully "exhauſted, when I told the following "anecdote which occurred the other day "at Leiceſter. Old Pockett, the banker, "has long been in the practice of taking "ſixpence in the pound for paying mo-"ney for drafts, if the payment were "demanded in caſh, or notes of the bank "of England; but no deduction was ex-"pected, if his own notes were taken. "A poor man from a diſtant part of the "country,

" country, who had received a draft on
" Pockett, not liking country notes, re-
" queſted to be paid in caſh, or Bank of
" England paper. He was told the cuſ-
" tom, againſt which he proteſted, plead-
" ing his circumſtances, and urging, that
" where he lived, he might find a
" difficulty in paſſing private notes. It
" was in vain for him to reaſon, or ap-
" peal to old Pockett's feelings—Pockett
" had never known any thing gained by
" reaſon or feelings, but he was very
" ſenſible of the value of a good cuſtom,
" and he aſſured the poor man, that it
" was impoſſible for him to break
" through it. On this, the man was
" angry, but ſtanding a few minutes to
" conſider, he bethought himſelf, and
" ſaid—" Well, if I muſt, I muſt; I
" can't afford any deduction, ſo let me
" have your own notes."—The full
" amount of the draft was immediately

" paid to him in Pockett's notes, and " he was made to write a receipt on the " back of it. Inſtead of withdrawing, " he ſtood ſome time ſmiling, and look- " ing alternately at the paper, and at the " old banker, who at length aſked him, " why he did not go."—" Why, look " ye, Maſter Pockett," ſaid the man, " theſe are all your notes, true enough— " I have examined every one of them— " you won't deny it, I am ſure, for you " are an honeſt man, Maſter Pockett— " there they are, I preſent them for pay- " ment, refuſe me the caſh for them, if " you dare." The company laughed heartily at the miſer's dilemma, and rejoiced that he was outwitted. After which, Mr. Goſling caught the interval of ſilence that ſucceeded to inform them, that he had been ſoliciting Mrs. Spicer to favour them with reading ſome favourite piece, and hoped, that he ſhould be generally

generally ſeconded. "Oh! pray, Mrs. "Spicer—Oh! pray, Mrs. Spicer," was heard from every quarter.

As her *converſaziones* included readings, the lady was not difficult on the occaſion; ſhe bowed affectedly, and ſaying, "ſince you will have it ſo," took from under one of the bolſters of the ſopha, a thin book, elegantly bound in red morocco, and opening it at the place marked, ſaid ſhe would read the much admired poem of John Gilpin, which ſhe prefaced with ſome remarks on the different manner in which ſhe had heard it read in town. She then began, and went through the unfortunate ballad, according to her own ideas of propriety, ſometimes ſlow and pompouſly, ſometimes galloping with Johnny, miſplacing ſtops, accents, and emphaſes, and at every verſe, exchanging emphatic looks with Goſling. At firſt, the Aubreys felt

for her; but as she proceeded, she became so truly ridiculous, that they could not help enjoying the farce. Her own consciousness, however,—so uncertain a thing is consciousness!—far from whispering that some of her hearers, either pitied or laughed at her, fully confirmed the admiring interjections of the dear Gosling, and the extorted applause of civility. She gave time for the company to interchange their remarks, and then requested some lady or gentleman to oblige her with the perusal of a favourite *morceau*. This being universally declined, she regretted, that Italian was not generally understood, as she should have had great pleasure in reading to the company, one of the sweetest pieces ever composed. Mr. Gosling assured her, that the company regretted the loss, and the conversation then turned, among those who understood any thing of it,

upon

upon the ſweetneſs of the Italian pronunciation, and thoſe who did not underſtand it, were informed, that every word ended with a vowel. "Then," ſaid Mrs. Spicer, "the certainty of the pronuncia-"tion, ſo much ſuperior in that reſpect "to our tongue. By the way, Mr. "Aubrey, I wonder to find you in the "pulpit pronouncing the word KNOW-"ledge, *nollege*. Why do you not "adopt the clerical mode of ſpeaking "it?"—One reaſon, Madam," replied Aubrey, "is, becauſe it is clerical. I "know no right that the clergy have to "depart from the eſtabliſhed rules of "pronunciation. It is an innovation of a "few years ſtanding, ariſing from an af-"fected nicety of correction, and I am ſorry "that it is more general among the clergy "than among any other body of men; "for, not only the genius of the Engliſh "language requires it to be ſimplified in

"its

" its ſound like other words of the ſame " nature, but the clerical mode of pro- " nouncing it is pedantic and coarſe on " the ear; nothing but the aptitude of " running into imitation, could have led " ſuch numbers to follow an example in " a ſound ſo unmelodious. Accord- " ingly, you find it adopted, only where " a ſhow of learning is aimed at; but, " among the higher claſſes of extempore " ſpeakers, and among the lower claſſes " of ſociety who are led by their ear, the " word takes its natural ſound."—" Nae, " Maiſter Aubrey," ſaid a Scotch gen- tleman, " I canna agree wi ye, for we " awwaiſe caw it *know*ledge i' the North; " and in gude troth, it daes na ſoond ſae " very unmuſical to my ear."—" I did " not ſay, it was not Scotch," replied Aubrey, " but that it is not Engliſh; " and habit, whoſe influence is univer- " ſal, may render harſh ſounds pleaſing."

—" But,

—" But, Sir, hoo is't you can mak oot " to change *know* into *nol*?"—" As we " make out," said Aubrey, " to change " *fore* into *for*, *ho* into *hol*, and many " more. The Scotch say, *fore*head, " and *hol*iday, as well as *know*ledge; " but, as the clergy do not seem to have " any inclination to adopt these sounds " from the North, I hope they will gra- " dually desist from that which they have " adopted."—" You will allow," said Mrs. Spicer, " that it is grander to the " ear."—" No, indeed, Madam," replied he, " I cannot; unless it be that " kind of grandeur which is out of na- " ture." Here Mrs. Spicer exchanged emphatic looks with the dear Gosling.— " Your calling this error clerical," proceeded Aubrey, " brings to my mind, " that I not long since heard a man, and " he was a teacher of languages too, talk " of the *London pronunciation*, and *Oxford* " *pro-*

" *pronunciation* as contradiſtinguiſhed,
" and he inſtanced it in the word *naſal.*
' Oxford,' ſaid he, ' has it *naſal,* with
' the hiſſing ſound of *ſ,* whereas, Lon-
' don ſays *nazal.*' He was angry that
" I doubted of the error being general at
" Oxford, and from ſtating the fact, he
" patronized the fault, on which I con-
" tented myſelf with aſſuring him, that
" the Cantabs were better orthoepiſts."—
" Hoot," ſaid the Scotch gentleman,"
" orthoepy is the very loweſt of aw the
" ſciences, and beneath the attention of
" men of learning aw together: it's a
" mere buznis of ſoons, a mere maiter
" of moonſhine. What ſignifees what
" a ſhell is, guin the kairnal be good."—
" Indeed," replied Aubrey, " I am no
" ſuch verbal ſtickler as to break ſquares
" with any man for his pronunciation;
" but, I certainly do not think it un-
" worthy the attention of the moſt learn-
" ed;

" ed; and you cannot but know, Sir,
" that at all times the moſt learned have
" been ſolicitous to pronounce well, and
" to eſtabliſh a ſtandard for their lan-
" guage. The proſody of the Greeks
" and Romans, was invariably fixed on
" rules which have deſcended to us, and
" are in the hands of every ſchool-boy;
" and though we are ignorant of their
" accent, we cannot doubt that it was
" regular and uniform. The Italians
" and French have ſhown their attention
" to the ſtability of their pronunciation,
" and no polite nation feels itſelf above
" this care but the Engliſh: our words
" are conſtantly changing both their
" ſound and ſenſe. As for the word
" *knowledge*, I really believe it will reco-
" ver itſelf, in ſpite of the Epiſcopal au-
" thorities, which at preſent maintain it
" in the pulpit; but I fear the word
" *oblige*,

" *oblige**, will not be so easily retrieved. " There is no such sound in the English " language as *eige* with the long *i*, and " the sound of *obleige*†, is very grating " to the ear. It is one of the compa- " nions in a class of words, where nature " has directed our tongue to the preser- " vation of the original accent, the ear " being repugnant to a change, and till " lately, it was always pronounced *obleege*, " by polite speakers—

Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers *besieged*,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd.

" Nor would Pope, licentious as he was " in rhyming, ever have thought of " rhyming *eige*, with *eege*."—" But,"

* Obleege.

† *ei*, that is, *i* long—*ai* will not express *i* long, without explanation, on account of the variety of the sounds of *a*.

said

ſaid Mr. Goſling, " what do you ſay to " Lord Cheſterfield, Mr. Aubrey? Was " not he a polite ſpeaker?"—" Cer- " tainly," replied Aubrey, " and I have " not a doubt, that he always pronoun- " ced the word *obleege*."—" What will " you lay of that?" retorting Goſling. " Who is to decide the bet?" ſaid Au- brey, " he that is competent to decide " the bet, can decide the queſtion with- " out the bet."—" My Lord himſelf," replied Goſling.—" I ſee, Sir," ſaid Au- brey, " that you have embraced the miſ- " take that has ariſen on the form adopted " by Lord Cheſterfield, in his Advice to " his Son, to avoid the vulgar manner " of pronouncing this word amongſt " others; a miſtake, which is the more " likely to prove fatal, as it has been " adopted and confirmed by one of our " lateſt and beſt orthoepiſts, a man of " talents, erudition, and indefatigable " induſtry,

" induſtry, to whoſe labours the public " are greatly indebted *. But, in ſpite " of the enthuſiaſm produced by autho- " rity, I am not for erring with Plato: " in my opinion, Lord Cheſterfield, in " the letter alluded to, meant to ſtamp " vulgarity on the pronunciation of the " *i* long." ' Even his pronunciation of ' proper words,' ſays his Lordſhip, ſpeaking of a man deficient in good-breeding, ' carries the mark of the beaſt ' along with it. He calls the earth, ' *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to ' you.' " The letters *ei* appear to me " to mark the vulgar long *i*; for *no other* " *diphthong* ſo unequivocally expreſſes " it. Lord Cheſterfield was not writing " with the preciſion of later orthoepiſts, " and naturally took a diphthong which " was ſuſceptible of the ſound, as in

* Mr. Walker, author of a Critical Pronouncing Dictionary.

" *height*,

" *height*, though its general ſound be *a*,
" as in *vein*. Had he meant the reverſe,
" would he have paſſed over *ee*, and *ie*,
" to pitch upon *ei*? impoſſible. But a
" ſtill ſtronger argument is, that though
" the letters to his ſon were written at leaſt
" twenty years before they were pub-
" liſhed, the alteration of the word did
" not begin to take place, till a conſi-
" derable time after his Lordſhip's
" death: ſo that his Lordſhip's exam-
" ple, if he gave ſuch an example, had no
" influence on polite language, though
" he was univerſally eſteemed one of
" the moſt refined and moſt eloquent
" ſpeakers of the age: and notwith-
" ſtanding the concurrent authority of
" the beſt poet of that period, the alter-
" ation of the proper and original pro-
" nunciation of the word has been lately
" begun, on a ſuppoſed diſcovery, that
" to mark the ſound of long *e*, ſuch a

" man as Lord Chesterfield would use " the dipthong *ei*, rather than *ee*, or *ie*. " As the best speakers in parliament, " and the majority of accomplished per- " ons in the first circles still persevere in " the original sound, the word has perhaps " some chance yet, notwithstanding the " pronunciation against which Lord Ches- " terfield I am confident intended to pro- " test, has been so widely diffused, and " though it is even fostered on the stage." —" There is muckle sense in what you " noo say, Maister Aubrey," said the Scotch gentleman; " for aw the warld " maun say *obleege*, unless they go entire " beside ilka rule of polite pronunciation " —to be sure, aw the warld maun say " *obleege*."

This national support drew a smile from Aubrey, and created a general laugh, in the middle of which Colonel Spicer in his riding cloaths, made his appearance at the bottom of the room.

On

On entering, he raiſed his glaſs to his eye to ſee leſs diſtinctly through it the objects he had ſeen perfectly well without it—it was therefore no ſooner raiſed than dropped, and he darted forward to the Aubreys. The Colonel aſſured Aubrey of Arthur being well, and, with Rowley, in good hands, while with his arch eye, he beſtowed painful admiration on Emily. "He gave me a letter "for you, which I find I left in another "coat pocket; but I have told my man "to open my portmanteau, and bring it "immediately." He made earneſt apologies for his dreſs, and the lateneſs of his appearance, declaring, that the latter was the cauſe of the former, as he was too impatient to join the party to loſe a moment in making his toilette. After accounting for leaving Warwick too late to be ſooner at Mariton, he ſaid, he muſt quit them for a moment, to go and make his

his apologies to his Lady-Mother and the company; then giving them the Spicer nod, and mechanically using his glass, he walked away to the sopha. While he was going through the ceremonies that drew him from the Aubreys, a servant brought in Arthur's letter, which Aubrey put into his pocket, to be read at home, being doubly satisfied in Mr. Rowley's stay with his son, and in the Colonel's leaving him. The servant went forward and delivered a message to Mrs. Spicer, who ordered him to throw the doors open; and rising soon after, led the way to the concert-room, which was on the opposite side of the antichamber.

Several professional performers were tuning their instruments to the piano, at which sat Mr. Moreton the organist of Mariton; for, however partial the Colonel was to his sister Eudoxia in other respects,

ſpects, he always preferred having the piano under the direction of Mr. Moreton in the craſhes at Spicer-Hall. The Colonel had a juſt ear, and ſome taſte in muſic, and for a gentleman he played well on the violoncello. The company being ſeated, a concerto of Haydn's was performed, in the execution of which there was nothing ſo remarkable as the audible counting of time, the perpetually recurring *one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four*, of the Honourable Billy Spicer, who leaned over his ſtand to keep his eyes ſteadily on his book, and worked at his tenor ſo laboriouſly that big drops bubbled on his temples, and ſmall ſtreams waſhed the powder from his hair down his cheeks. After the concerto, Col. Spicer put Mrs. Aubrey in mind of her promiſe to ſing a duet with him, which ſhe did without heſitation, to the delight of the whole

company, Miſs Spicer excepted, from whoſe boſom envy now baniſhed every degree of pleaſure, and who, like a ſchool-miſs, ſtrove to conceal her pain by abrupt giggling. When called upon by Mrs. Aubrey to favour the company with a ſong, ſhe attempted to excuſe herſelf, even reſiſting one of Mrs. Spicer's emphatic looks, till Col. Spicer entreated ſhe would ſing "Angels ever "bright and fair," proteſting that ſhe ſung it better than—Here the Colonel's voice failed, or dropped ſo low, that the compariſon was loſt; but ſhe heard enough to draw her forth, and ſhe took Mr. Moreton's ſeat at the piano, requeſting her brother at the ſame time, not to let any of the other inſtruments join. Accordingly, having the management of the accompaniment entirely to herſelf, ſhe went through the ſong with confidence and ſucceſs. She received great applauſe,

applauſe, and particularly from Emily Aubrey, on whom ſhe found herſelf obliged to call, in conſequence of a hint from her brother. Finding it unavoidable, ſhe determined to mortify her, by compelling her to ſing the ſong which ſhe remembered that Emily attempted in vain the firſt day ſhe ſaw her. She had no doubt, that her vanity would again induce her to try it, and ſhe was equally confident, that ſhe would diſgrace herſelf. She requeſted to hear, "The Sol-"dier tired of War's Alarms." Emily, recollecting her father's obſervation to Arthur, excuſed herſelf, till Aubrey perceiving the vile motive of the requeſt, preſſed her arm, ſaying, "Try, Emily, "try to oblige Miſs Spicer;" on which ſhe conſented, and the delighted Eudoxia returned to her ſeat, anticipating her triumph over the daughter at leaſt.

Emily's voice had been gradually

gaining ſtrength for ſome years, and had now attained a roundneſs, flexibility, and compaſs, equal to her mother's. Regular practice had ſo familiarized her ear to harmony, that it was indifferent to her, whether ſhe accompanied herſelf or were accompanied, whether the accompaniment were executed on a ſingle inſtrument, or ſupported by a band, and knowing Mr. Moreton's taſte, ſhe paid him the compliment of begging him to take the piano. "Shall "we all take our parts?" ſaid Col. Spicer to Emily. The beautiful blue eyes of Emily turned to her father, to know how far he was inclined to puniſh Miſs Spicer, and half aſked his mercy; but he now thought puniſhment mercy, and he anſwered, "By all means Colo- "nel, the chief beauty of this ſong ariſes "from the accompahiments." Better and better, thought Miſs Spicer, who, during

during the whole ſymphony, ſat ſwelling with expectation. The lovely Emily ſtanding by the piano, and facing the company, fell in with the inſtruments when they came to the ſong, with a juſt taſte and perfect harmony, and, the performers keeping under her voice, ſhe gave the firſt part in the fineſt ſtyle. Attention and admiration purſued every note. Emily's form, and the emanation of ſoul from her countenance, heightened the pleaſure ſhe ſpread through the room, and Mrs. Spicer herſelf concluded one of her emphatic looks at Goſling with an equally emphatic *hah!* at the end of the ſtrain. Meanwhile, poor Eudoxia was ſuffering the agonies of that paſſion, which may be truly called diabolical, as it was the origin of the devil: envy had blown up its fire in her heart, and the unexpected diſappointment ſhe experienced, ſetting her blood in violent

motion, the circulation of it was ſuddenly ſtopped by the confinement of the whale-bone ligature about her ſtomach; and ſhe ſcreamed, and fell into fits, juſt as Emily had begun the ſecond ſtrain. The lovely ſongſter immediately ceaſed ſinging, the company all roſe, and a ſcene of confuſion followed. Mrs. Spicer hurried to her darling child; ſalts, hartſhorn, and cold water were reſorted to without effect. It was found neceſſary to looſen her bandages, and the gentlemen were requeſted to withdraw. The dangerous whale-bone being removed, a free circulation of the blood again took place, and Miſs Spicer gradually recovered. Mrs. Aubrey, being near her, though ſhe was not at a loſs to gueſs the real cauſe of the ſudden fit, inveighed againſt the injurious faſhion of ſqueezing any part of the body, by means of unyielding caſes, into a ſmaller compaſs

pass than was ever intended by nature. Miss Spicer, glad of the opportunity of saddling fashion with the effects of envy, assented to Mrs. Aubrey's remarks, saying, she wondered that she ever wore such stays, as she did not need them. Her real malady, however, returning with her recollection, she declared she was too ill to bear the music any more. This declaration, with the emphatic anxiety shown by Mrs. Spicer, put an end to the concert, and the company soon after retired, to the great mortification of the Colonel, whose admiration of Emily had risen to ecstacy, and to the dismay of the Honourable Billy Spicer, who was never so conscious of shining as when he was counting his bars; one, two, three, four.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A little Family Chat on the Abſurdity of private ſet Meetings to diſplay Talents. A Hint on the Object of reading to others, and the Danger of Emulation. Arthur's Excurſion. Col. Spicer in Love. An extraordinary Viſitor at the Parſonage.

As it was not late when Mrs. Spicer's party broke up, the Aubreys got home before their uſual hour of retiring to reſt, and they ſpent the remainder of the evening in a converſation naturally reſulting from the *converſazione* and concert at Spicer-Hall. "I had a very "different idea of a *converſazione*," ſaid Emily, "to that raiſed by Mrs. Spicer's; "I thought that ſome agreeable ſubject "was

" was to be ſtarted, to which the atten-
" tion of every one of the company was
" to be given, and that all might ex-
" preſs their ſentiments, without formal-
" ly entering into deep and ſerious argu-
" ments."—" Emily," ſaid Mrs. Au-
brey, " thought it was only a rational
" converſation."—" It was no bad idea,"
ſaid Aubrey, " for if people in general
" meet to talk only on the moſt frivo-
" lous, reiterated, exhauſted topics, and
" to play at cards, the meeting of a par-
" ty for the purpoſe of rational conver-
" ſation, would deſerve the name. But
" the truth is, that affectation ſpoils every
" thing; both the term and the meet-
" ing are affected: they arrogate open-
" ly a ſuperiority of intellectual enter-
" tainment, which they ſeldom juſtify,
" and which is a thouſand times more
" gratifying, when it appears to be the
" unpremeditated reſult of a meeting of
" ſenſible

" ſenſible friends. One friend may de-
" ſire another to come and converſe on
" elevated ſubjects: or a man in making
" a party, may in his invitation, an-
" ticipate the pleaſure he propoſes for
" his friends by obſerving, that ſuch and
" ſuch well-informed perſons, wits, and
" convivial companions will be preſent;
" but general invitations to a formal
" diſplay of each individual's portion of
" knowledge and eloquence are abſurd,
" and generally diſappoint thoſe who at-
" tend."—"At the *converſaziones* I have
" been at," ſaid Mrs. Aubrey, " I have
" obſerved nothing very different from
" Mrs. Spicer's, except poor John Gil-
" pin; for, knots of men plant themſelves
" at ſeveral corners of the rooms, and
" talk over the uſual politics; ſome learn-
" ed man gets an audience of ſeveral of
" his particular acquaintance, while the
" maſs of the company reſort to the
" common.

"common occurrences of the day; "to the events of a ride, to dreſs, "and public places, topics very well "for chat, but rendered ridiculous by "a ſolemn title."—"That is the miſ- "fortune of it," ſaid Aubrey; "things "become ridiculous by the mode of "treating them. Can any thing, for "inſtance, be more agreeable than a "party of friends where one reads to the "others, and obſervations are made on "the topics that ariſe from the ſubjects "read? But let in vanity; ſee one take "up a book, not to amuſe, not to in- "ſtruct; but to excite admiration, and "ſolely to ſhew fine reading; pleaſure "flies: inſtead of enjoying the author, "we wonder at the reader, either for "his ſkill or his aſſurance; but the ob- "ject of reading is loſt."—"But to "pleaſe in reading," ſaid Emily, "it is "neceſſary to read well."—"Certain-

"ly," replied Aubrey, "but it ſhould "form no part of the reader's view; "and the idea of it ought to be kept "from the mind of the hearers, whoſe "admiration muſt be preceded by de- "light, or it will be accompanied with "diſguſt."—"I felt very much for poor "Mrs. Spicer," ſaid Arthurina.—"So "did I," ſaid Mrs. Aubrey, "till ſhe "was ſo ludicrouſly delighted with her- "ſelf."—"The ſelfiſh paſſions," ſaid "Aubrey, "are naturally deſtructive "of the pleaſures of ſociety. Where "people meet to emulate, and to obſerve "others for the purpoſe of feeling ſu- "periority, rather than for that of "exchanging gratification, envy takes "the place of the ſocial ſpring, and "demons only can enjoy the ſcene."— "Poor Eudoxia!" cried Arthurina; "what a pop her ſtays gave, when Mrs. "Spicer cut the lace!"—"Envy," ſaid

ſaid Aubrey, "is the moſt odious of the "paſſions; ſo odious that, in my mind, "not even the affection of a father can "overlook it. I am ſure, girls, dear as "you are to me, that I could love "neither of you, if I diſcovered it in "your hearts."—"It is ſo unnatural," ſaid Emily, who judged from her own nature:—"the nearer any one is per-"fect, the more we ſhould delight in "them, I think. What is a proficien-"cy in muſic, compared to the excel-"lence of the underſtanding and of the "heart? Can there be any thing more "amiable than the Cambridges? Who "could envy them? Does not the "thought of them make you happy, "Arthurina?"—"I think them very "handſome, and very clever," replied Arthurina; "and I like them very "much. And as for Miſs Spicer, I "really feel unhappy that ſhe ſhould "make herſelf ſuch a fool."—"God

"bleſs

"bleſs you! my girls!" exclaimed Aubrey, "you make my heart glow, in "bringing to my mind the maxim of an "amiable philoſopher*, who ſays: 'Let 'the unhappineſs you feel at another's 'errors, and the happineſs you enjoy in 'their perfections, be the meaſure of 'your progreſs in wiſdom and virtue.' This was unſophiſticated praiſe; and the glow that Aubrey felt, diffuſed itſelf through the boſoms of his beloved girls, and charmed the heart of their mother.

After this converſation, Aubrey opened Arthur's letter, which had not been forgotten, but having heard that he was well, and expecting nothing more than a few lines to prevent uneaſineſs, he did not think it neceſſary to interrupt the converſation by reading it ſooner. It was as follows:

* Lavater.

"My

" My dear Sir,

" Though I am extremely pleaſed " with Warwick, the country around it, " and particularly with the company I " have met, I ſhould not yield to Mr. " Rowley's requeſt of ſuffering Col. Spi- " cer to return without me, if I thought " it would cauſe any uneaſineſs at the " Parſonage; but I am perſuaded, you " will have no objection to my conſent- " ing to a plan propoſed by Mr. Row- " ley, of ſpending a day or two at Strat- " ford. We ſhall return here, where I " hope to find a letter from you. With " Warwick, and the adjacent country, " you are well acquainted; I ſhall there- " fore reſerve the ſubject for converſa- " tion, and devote my letter to other " topics.

" You will be ſurpriſed to hear of my " having paſſed a very agreeable day in " company with one of your old friends: " no other than Mr. Elton. I met him

" at

" at the ball, and though I had not ſeen
" him for ſome years, remembered him
" immediately. He did not at firſt
" know me, for he did not ſee me when
" he was laſt in town; but, on hearing
" my name, he accoſted me with all the
" old friendly heartineſs with which he
" uſed to notice me as a boy. I was a
" little ſurpriſed, when I recollected the
" affair of the Winfields, at the eaſe
" with which he ſpoke to me; but I did
" not think it my part to aſſume a ſerious
" look, or to appear conſcious of what
" had paſſed between you and him. He
" is in the beſt company here, and re-
" ſides occaſionally at Warwick, but is
" not ſettled. He has been here theſe
" laſt ſix weeks, lives in private lodg-
" ings, has ſaddle-horſes, his groom,
" and a gig. He entertains too, and is
" really an agreeable and captivating
" companion. He aſked moſt kindly
" for you, and expreſſed himſelf in ſuch

" terms

" terms reſpecting you, that, added to " his natural attractions, I felt myſelf " very much pleaſed with him. He " ſays he did not know of your being at " Mariton, or he would have come over " to ſee the family; and that he cer- " tainly will ſoon. I wiſh he may, and " explain the circumſtance of his leaving " you, to your ſatisfaction; for he is ſo " prepoſſeſſing, that few things could " give me more pleaſure than his re- " trieving your good opinion and Mr. " Cowper's.

" If you are ſurpriſed at my meeting " with Mr. Elton, I think you will be no " leſs ſo when I tell you who was one of " my partners at the ball. My mother " will laugh, I know, to think that her " ſon, born nineteen years ago in the " Cambridgeſhire cottage, ſo celebrated " in the archives of Aubrey, ſhould be " now dancing at Warwick with the " Right Honourable Lady Sudley.

" That

" That ſame lord muſt always have had
" great taſte. Her ladyſhip is very
" handſome, and dances admirably. My
" time has been very agreeably ſpent;
" I only wiſh you were all with me.
" Pray let me hear from you imme-
" diately; and give my love to my mo-
" ther, my ſiſters, and Arthur-William.
" May every bleſſing attend you, my
" dear ſir, is the prayer of

" Your affectionate ſon,

" ARTHUR AUBREY.

" P. S. Remember me kindly to
" 'Sbidlikins and Cæſar."

The contents of Arthur's letter aſtoniſhed the whole group; for Aubrey had no ſecrets to which his children were not admitted; they all knew the anecdote reſpecting Elton, and the adventures of Lord Sudley at Martha's cottage. Mrs. Aubrey had never met with the latter after his flight acroſs the fields

fields from the country people; and his conduct was only detailed, in remembrance of Aubrey's ſucceſsful plan and Cæſar's virtue. The family, however, had often heard him mentioned, and well remembered his marriage with a lady much younger than himſelf being announced in the newſpapers about ſix years before; but, as they never took the trouble to trace his lordſhip's courſe, they knew not what had become of him. As Arthur did not mention him, they imagined he was not at the ball, and that he had not ſeen him. As for Elton, Aubrey's feelings in a degree correſponded with Arthur's; he wiſhed he could be retrieved: but, from the converſation he had had with Mr. Cowper, he was convinced that it was a hopeleſs caſe; and that conviction was now farther confirmed by the figure he was making at Warwick. Aubrey, however,

ever, had no fear of Arthur; and, pleaſed that his excurſion proved ſo agreeable, he wrote next morning to give his conſent to whatever he and Mr. Rowley determined on.

The impreſſion made on the ſenſes of Col. Spicer by the figure and voice of Emily, had faſtened on his imagination, and kept him awake all night. He roſe early; and, as ſoon as decency would allow, called at the parſonage, to apologize for Eudoxia's fit, and to expreſs his mortification at the interruption of the ſong, which had charmed him ſo much. Emily, at his requeſt, ſang it for him, accompanying herſelf; and unconſciouſly completed the conqueſt of the preceding evening. He protracted his viſit long beyond the uſual limits, paid marked attention to the object of his admiration, whom he never ceaſed ogling with his arch eye; agreed with

Aubrey

Aubrey that ſwearing was a criminal habit; aſſured Mrs. Aubrey that his heart was formed for conſtancy; and never once thought that he was leſs agreeable to the company than to himſelf, or that he could be conſidered as encroaching on time.

The family began to miſs Arthur, and not a day paſſed but they wiſhed his return; which another letter from him appointed for the following Saturday. Meanwhile Col. Spicer's attention increaſed: he watched the motions of the Aubreys, and contrived to meet them in their rambles. On the day fixed, Arthur returned. He gave an account, with great animation, of all that he had ſeen, expreſſed the pleaſure he had enjoyed, and particularly the delight he had felt in his trip to Stratford. Emily then aſked him if he had ſeen Lord Sudley? "Oh, no," ſaid he; "fortu-

"nately

" nately he was not in the country, or I " ſhould not have ſeen his beautiful " ſeat, or danced with the beautiful Lady " Sudley; for though they are parted, " and ſhe is entirely independent of him, " ſhe never comes to Warwick when " he is at Sudley-Caſtle, as ſhe is re- " ſolved to avoid every probability of " meeting him. It ſeems they agreed " to a ſeparation in leſs than a year " after they married. She openly de- " teſts him, and her deteſtation is ſup- " ported by that of all the country. " He is in a very ill ſtate of health, and " is at preſent in London conſulting " phyſicians. Lady Sudley talked ſo " highly of the beauties of his ſeat, that " I had a great deſire to ſee it, and Mr. " Rowley accompanied me."—"Where- " abouts is it?" ſaid Arthurina."— " Between Warwick and Stratford," ſaid he, " a little to the left of the high

" road,

" road, from which the houſe appears " at a diſtance in the midſt of lofty trees. " It is delightfully ſituated on the Avon, " and anſwered the expectation raiſed " by Lady Sudley's deſcription. The " grounds are ſupported in the fineſt or- " der, and his pride in it is the only ra- " tional delight he is allowed to have." —" And where does Lady Sudley live?" ſaid Emily.—" She has a pretty place at " Alleſley, near Coventry, but often " ſtays at Warwick." Having given a full account of his excurſion, Arthur, in his turn, inquired how the family had ſpent their time, and what pleaſure they had had at the *converſazione* and concert at Spicer-Hall. His mother gave him a hiſtory of the ludicrous reading of John Gilpin; Emily deſcribed the entrance of the Right Honourable Colonel Bob; and Arthurina made him laugh at Billy's one, two, three, four, and the pop of Eudoxia's

Eudoxia's ſtays: but he was moſt delighted with Miſs Spicer's compelling Emily to ſing "*The ſoldier tir'd of war's* "*alarms.*"

The return of Arthur put every thing in its uſual train at the parſonage: ſtudy and amuſement filled up the time; temperance and rambling ſupplied health, and months flowed away with the even joy of common life. Col. Spicer was oftener and longer at Spicer-Hall, and was more and more aſſiduous as the ſummer advanced in his endeavours to make an impreſſion upon Emily; who only waited his propoſal to diſmiſs him entirely. Arthur made frequent trips to Warwick, to cultivate a friendſhip he had formed there: and Aubrey, after a conſiderable perſeverance in private admonition, deſiſted from fighting the windmill, ſubmitted to the repulſe of ſelf-ſufficiency, interchanged the com-

mon

mon civilities with his parishioners, felt the value of his existence, and banished every care.

One morning, about three weeks after Arthur's first excursion to Warwick, as Aubrey went into the study, he saw from the window a servant in livery on horseback ring at the gate, and immediately after a handsome gig drive up, in which was a gentleman, whom at the first glance he knew to be Mr. Elton. In spite of his message by Arthur, no apparition could have surprised him more; and, so tender was his heart towards others, he trembled for the painful situation in which Elton seemed to place himself by this visit. Before he was admitted, therefore, Aubrey desired Arthur to leave him, and to take care that none of the family came to the study. Elton entered with a smiling countenance and an easy gait; as he advanced,

he put out his hand, which it was not in Aubrey's nature to reject, and thus accosted him. "After what passed in "town, my dear Aubrey, you would "have been surprised at this visit, "had not my message by Arthur pre- "pared you for it. You must have "thought ill of me, I know you must; "not only appearances, but reality, was "against me; and, whatever your opi- "nion was, I excuse it from my soul, "for I deserved it. I have always re- "proached myself for not calling in Al- "bemarle-street as soon as I left Carey- "street; but the hurry of business, and "some other circumstances, pressed so "much that, faith! I thought of no- "thing but escaping from London. "Do not judge of my friendship by "what happened then, but by the mo- "tives that bring me to you now." Here Aubrey's feelings underwent a change,

change, from the morbid tenderneſs that quivered at the ſufferings of a guilty mind, to an incipient reſentment at a ſecond attempt of duping him, which he thought he perceived in the drift of Elton's laſt expreſſion. He fixed his eyes on him, prepared for the creation of another Winfield. "My uncle Tre-" vor is dead," proceeded Elton: "you " knew my uncle Trevor?"—"I barely " remember him," replied Aubrey.—" You muſt recollect," continued Elton, " my talking to you of old Tom Tre-" vor the miſer, my maternal uncle, from " whom I could never extract a ſhilling " while he lived."—"I hope," ſaid Aubrey, "that dying he has left you his " fortune."—"Not exactly that," replied Elton; "the penurious wretch was " appalled at the oppoſite diſpoſition of " my character, and was ſtill more ter-" rified at the thought of bequeathing,

" than of giving away his money while " alive."—Where is this tale to end! thought Aubrey. " Fortunately," continued Elton, " the old fool had taken " it into his head that he ſhould die as " ſoon as he executed his will, and he " never could prevail upon himſelf to " make one; the conſequence was, that " he died inteſtate, and, as his heir, I " inherit every ſhilling of his property."

This was a very different concluſion from what Aubrey expected: reſentment ſunk, and he ſincerely and heartily congratulated Elton on his good fortune. " I truſt," ſaid he, " that he died rich." —" Moderately," replied Elton: " I " do not yet preciſely know the ex- " tent; for he only died laſt winter, and " ſome of his money, I fear, is not very " ſafe, being on uſurious contracts; but " I have no doubt I ſhall do very well, " if I can manage at firſt." This re-

mark

mark revived Aubrey's ſuſpicions, and again prepared him for ſome attempt to abuſe his credulity. "I ſuppoſe," proceeded Elton, "that, in the end, I may "come in for about ſeven hundred a-"year, no more: but that, with care, "will ſoon remove my difficulties, and "ſet me up again. You ſee I am pru-"dent, for I live in lodgings, as Arthur "muſt have told you; I have only a "man-ſervant and a couple of horſes, "and I give my friends an occaſional "dinner. I am determined not to ex-"ceed this plan till my affairs are per-"fectly arranged." Aubrey ſmiled, and applauded his determination. "They "are in a good train," continued Elton; "I have already been able to liquidate "ſome heavy claims upon me; but "nothing gives me ſo much pleaſure as "to be able to convince you that, "though I was compelled to hurry from

" town at a moment when I was in poſ-
" ſeſſion of a check, the balance of
" which ought to have been inſtantly
" paid to you, I do not forget it.
" Pray, Aubrey, do you forget the ir-
" regularity of the tranſaction, and let
" this check on my banker efface all
" thoughts of the other." Saying this, he took from his pocket-book an order, already written, and preſented it to Aubrey. It was drawn for three hundred pounds on a reſpectable houſe in London.

Aubrey was now more ſurpriſed than ever, and he could not but yield his heart to a conviction ſo complete, of the honourable principles, which were only cruſhed by adverſe circumſtances, and were ready to raiſe their heads when the preſſure that kept them under was removed. The fabrication of the diſtreſs of the Winfields was ſmoothed

away

away by the severity of the fabricator's own case, and the triumph of his virtue; and Aubrey would gladly have spared Elton the recollection of it: but, of the three hundred pounds, he had sent thirty on his own account to the Winfields; and, to take it back, was aukward: he, therefore, gently hinted that the draft was for more than he had a right to by thirty pounds. "Oh! as to that," said Elton, "the Winfields —" He stopped, and looked full in Aubrey's face. The manner of speaking the name, and the look that followed, were ambiguous: it was not easy to tell whether Elton meant to abide by the reality of the existence of the distressed family, or to be directed, if necessary, by the cast of Aubrey's countenance, to a confession of their non-entity. To be detected in a falsehood, however, was at all events to be avoided; and, after a very short

pauſe, he proceeded: "The Winfields "—; nay prithee, Aubrey, forget the "Winfields, and think it enough that "the money, the whole of the money, "was applied to the relief of diſtreſs; "no part of it is now wanted, and the "whole again is yours."

Aubrey, delighted at this proof of Elton's return to virtue, ſaid not a word that could give him pain, but aſſured him of his attachment, and begged to ſee him frequently at the parſonage. He preſſed him to dine with him that day; which he did: and the family being previouſly prepoſſeſſed in his favour, on being made acquainted by Aubrey with what had paſſed, a pleaſant afternoon was ſpent in the company of Elton, who made himſelf very agreeable to Mrs. Aubrey and the girls, confirmed his impreſſion on Arthur, and won Arthur-William's heart. Aubrey immediately

diately forwarded the draft to Charles Sensitive, insisting on his appropriating it for Jacob's wife, and putting him in mind of his promise to visit Mariton. The draft was regularly honoured; and Charles keeping the money to gratify his friend, renewed his engagement to spend some time with him in the autumn.

CHAPTER XXXV.

New Ghoſts at the Caſtle. A Viſit to Leiceſter. Happineſs of the Aubreys. Arthur Aubrey writes to Mr. Cowper.

THE tradition of the old caſtle being haunted, which had contributed to render the ſpot on which the ruins ſtood more ſolitary, had ceaſed to be ſo much attended to ſince the arrival of the Aubreys; for the path along the river, and thence to the unbeaten heights, was a favourite walk with them; and their example had induced others to rove at times to the ruins. It was, however, revived in the courſe of the ſummer, and, before the end of Auguſt, the belief grew ſo ſtrong, that the environs of the caſtle

caſtle became a greater ſolitude than ever; for the more it had been frequented, the leſs it attracted the Aubreys, who found other walks.

As the report gained ground, it reached Aubrey's ears; and he thought proper to diſcountenance ſeriouſly the idle tales which were propagated: he not only preached publicly on the abſurdity of crediting general and uſeleſs breaches of the laws of nature, but he talked privately with the people, and endeavoured to ſhame them out of their credulity, by aſcribing all ſuch appearances as they ſpoke of to the force of imagination. There were more than one, however, who declared poſitively that they had lately ſeen ſtrange figures moving about the ruins at duſk; and one man went ſo far as to ſay, he had ſeen the figure of a woman all on fire ſink into the earth. The pertinacity of theſe perſons made

Aubrey at firſt ſuſpect that ſome people had taken it into their heads to play tricks on the Mariton clowns, in conſequence of the ghoſtly tradition; and he watched the ruins for ſeveral weeks; but nothing appearing to juſtify the ſuſpicion, he concluded that the tales originated in the illuſions of fancy combined with ignorance, and deſpaired of eradicating the prejudice.

Previous to the time appointed by Senſitive for his viſit to the parſonage, the Aubreys, all but Arthur, who went into Warwickſhire, made an excurſion to Leiceſter, to ſee their venerable friend, Dr. Searle, and the amiable Mrs. Searle and Amelia. They were received with great affection. The worthy old man was ſtill cheerful, and poſſeſſed his faculties; but Aubrey thought he perceived a conſiderable change in the lines of his face, and he lamented it ſincerely.

After

After ſpending an agreeable week at Leiceſter, they would fain have taken Amelia back with them to Mariton; but her mother could not ſpare her. "My uncle," ſaid ſhe to Mrs. Aubrey, "is evidently breaking, and daily re-"quires more attention: Amelia is my "right hand; I ſhould be at a great loſs "without her. You muſt come to us "again ſoon; my uncle ſeems happier "in your ſociety than in any other, and "he continually ſpeaks of Mr. Aubrey "with uncommon warmth of affection." Aubrey promiſed another viſit as ſoon as his friend Senſitive left Mariton; and the family taking leave, went into the old coach, and proceeded towards home. On the way, Mrs. Aubrey and the girls concurred with Aubrey in opinion reſpecting the viſible decay of Dr. Searle, and ſpoke of him with love, eſteem, and regret. They were ſilent for ſome time after,

after, till Aubrey, preſſing Mrs. Aubrey's hand, broke the ſilence by the following reflexions: "What a happy "life do we lead! my dear Emily: "What a bleſſing has our misfortune "proved to us! I have been ſnatched "from years of languid eaſe, from "thoughtleſs repetitions of frivolous "engagements, and rouſed to the per-"formance of the ſacred duties of my "profeſſion. Our houſe is comfortable, "our neighbours attentive and kind, "our children virtuous, amiable, and "united." Emily and Arthurina kiſſed each one of his hands: "Arthur is ſo "ſenſible, ſo prudent, ſo candid, ſo "formed to make friends! Then the "proſpect I have of enabling him to "purſue the ſtudies proper for the pro-"feſſion he may chuſe. My heart is "light, my Emily; I am the happieſt "of men." Thus, forgetting all that

was

was ſiniſter, and gratefully alive to the real happineſs in his poſſeſſion, Aubrey exulted in his ſituation: his wife and daughters participated in his feelings; and they drew up to the parſonage with as much delight as they had ever experienced in arriving at Aubrey-Hall.

Cæſar, whom they had not thought proper to carry to Leiceſter, came out to open the carriage-door. His face did not wear the ſmile with which he was accuſtomed to meet his maſter and miſtreſs. Aubrey obſerved the want of it: "Cæſar," ſaid he, where is Arthur?" —"At home, ſir," replied Cæſar, averting his eye from his maſter's.—"At "home, and not come to meet us! "What's the matter?"—"Have pa- "tience, maſſa," ſaid Cæſar; "maſs "Arthur not very well." The alarm produced by this information ſoon cleared the coach: Aubrey, followed by

by Mrs. Aubrey and the girls, ruſhed into the hall; where they met Mrs. Miller, who begged them, for God's ſake, to be calm, before they attempted to ſee Arthur. "But will nobody tell "me what is the matter with him?" cried Mrs. Aubrey, in great agitation.—"He was ſeized laſt night with a fever," ſaid Mrs. Miller, "which has been in-"creaſing ever ſince; he is delirious at "times; and Mr. Browne ſays he muſt "be kept very quiet."—"Oh, my "child!" cried Mrs. Aubrey: "where "is Mr. Browne? Has any body elſe "ſeen him? Send for Mr. Browne di-"rectly."—"Pray, my miſtreſs," ſaid Cæſar, "pray Miſs Emily, pray Miſs "Arthurina, go, ſtop in the parlour till "Mr. Browne come to you: he 'long "wid Maſs Arthur now. Go, Mrs. "Miller, go up, ſend him down."

While

While Mrs. Miller was gone, Cæſar informed Aubrey, that Arthur came home on the morning of the preceding day; that he ſeemed extremely uneaſy, walked all the morning up and down the parlour, ate no dinner, wrote a letter in the afternoon, tore it, wrote another, and tore that, drank ſeveral glaſſes of water, and at laſt complained of being feveriſh. "He put his hand on mine," ſaid Cæſar, "and aſk me if he not very hot. I "was frightened, and went directly for "Mr. Browne, widout tell him I was "going." As Cæſar was ſpeaking, Mr. Browne came into the room. The diſtracted family flew round him. "Let "me beg you to be compoſed," ſaid he.—"Is he in danger?"—"He will "be in greater danger," replied Mr. Browne, "if he ſees any of you agi-"tated. When I ſaw him yeſterday, "I imagined, from his account, that "the

" the fever was the conſequence of vio-
" lent exerciſe: I therefore bled him,
" and hoped a night's reſt, aſſiſted with
" the medicine I gave him, would have
" got it under; but, when I ſaw him
" this morning, I determined without
" delay to call in Doctor Murray."—
" Oh! my child!" cried Mrs. Aubrey.
—" I diſpatched an expreſs to Litch-
" field," continued Mr. Browne, " and
" I have been expecting him this hour
" paſt."—" You think he is in danger
" then?"—" Diſeaſes are all more or
" leſs dangerous," replied the apothe-
cary; " but, I truſt, that this will not
" baffle the ſkill of Dr. Murray."—
" May I not go up to his room," cried
his mother, with a diſtracted counte-
nance.—" I adviſe you to wait a lit-
" tle," ſaid he: " his imagination wan-
" ders; your appearing may make him
" more delirious: ſtay, and hear what
" the

" the doctor ſays." With the moſt anxious reluctance did Mrs. Aubrey follow the advice of Mr. Browne, whom ſhe begged to go and ſit with Arthur till the phyſician came.

He inſtantly complied; and Cæſar, hearing him go, returned to the parlour, to ſhare the miſery of the family. " Maſſa!" ſaid he, " it long time ſince " I think ſomething ail Maſs Arthur. " He never ſhow his uneaſineſs before " you, my miſtreſs, or the young ladies; " but, when he alone, he melancholy, " and ſometimes tears run down his " cheeks." This information was a thunder-bolt to Aubrey. " Is it poſſible!" exclaimed he, " is it poſſible that there " is any thing on his mind which he " would conceal from me! Has he " withdrawn his confidence from me! " that confidence, that candour which we " prize ſo much, on which our happi-

" neſs

" neſs is built? Oh! my ſon! my ſon! " what demon has been able to ſhut a " heart ſo pure, ſo tranſparent!"— " Oh! my dear papa!" cried Emily, burſting into tears, " it cannot be; it " is ſome miſtake: indeed, Cæſar, there " is ſome miſtake." Arthurina's heart was too much prediſpoſed to ſympathy to reſiſt the contagion of Emily's tears: without ſpeaking, ſhe reclined her head on Aubrey's neck, and wept bitterly. Mrs. Aubrey, her elbow reſting on the table, and her hand covering her eyes, ſuffered the keeneſt agonies of imagination. Arthur-William ſat on a low ſtool at her knee, and hid his face in her lap. A ſilence of agony enſued: it laſted till the ſounds of carriage-wheels and the ringing of the gate-bell announced the phyſician. By Mr. Browne's deſire, he was ſhown into the ſtudy, where he attended him to communicate his obſervations,

vations, and the ſteps he had taken. They then joined the family. Dr. Murray was as humane and tender as he was ſkilful. He entered the parlour with an encouraging look, aſſured them that Mr. Browne had ſaid nothing to make him deſpair, and hoped that he ſhould bring them a favourable account. He was then conducted to his patient's room by Mr. Browne, whom Aubrey followed, and who, at the door, prepared him to find his ſon in a ſtate of delirium. Mrs. Miller was ſitting at the bed-ſide. Arthur was very reſtleſs, rolled his eyes from ſide to ſide, and talked incoherently; he was inſenſible to all that paſſed. While Dr. Murray approached and felt his hand, Aubrey threw himſelf upon his knees at the foot of the bed, and wept and prayed like a father. "The love I feel for my children is thy "will, oh heavenly Parent! Thou gaveſt "them

" them to me! Thou knoweſt how " watchful I have been of the truſt . . ." —" Poor man!" ſaid Dr. Murray, " I " feel for you; but moderate your " emotions for the ſake of the objects " of your affection: the fever runs very " high, but ſtill I do not deſpair getting " him through it: the iſſue lies with " Providence, and I hope I ſhall be a " ſucceſsful inſtrument in his hands." Aubrey had never in the whole courſe of his life been ſo agitated before. He roſe, thanked Dr. Murray, wiped away his tears, and ſaid he feared the cauſe of Arthur's malady lay deeper than uſual; that it was in his mind. " We will talk " of that hereafter," replied the doctor; " at preſent we muſt endeavour to re- " duce the violence of the fever." He then ordered more blood to be taken from his patient; and returned to the parlour to write a preſcription. As the

caſe

caſe was doubtful, though his fears preponderated, he thought it his part to give hope; and, accordingly, both his converſation and demeanour were adapted to that deſign. He permitted Mrs. Aubrey to ſit up part of the night with her ſon, on her promiſing to conſider delirium as common to acute fevers, and no particular ſymptom of danger: and, at her entreaty, he took a bed at the parſonage. Mrs. Miller was ſent to take reſt, and Nanny ſupplied her place in Arthur's room, where Aubrey and Mrs. Aubrey paſſed the moſt miſerable night they had ever known in their lives: neither did Emily nor Arthurina cloſe their eyes; they ſat up and liſtened, and prayed, and wept.

In the morning, Dr. Murray found that, notwithſtanding the copious bleeding of his patient, the fever had riſen; his pulſe was ſtill hard and more frequent.

quent. He directed Mr. Browne to continue the medicine prescribed, and to take some more blood at noon; and then went off for Litchfield, promising to return at night. It was Sunday; and Aubrey had returned from Leicester to do his duty; but, finding that it would be impossible for him to attend, he had requested Mr. Browne, on his leaving him the evening before, to engage a young clergyman residing at Loughborough to supply his place. The whole neighbourhood soon heard of Arthur's dangerous state, and the gate of the parsonage was crowded with inquiries. His fever continued to rage; and Dr. Murray, at his return in the evening, could not console the family with an assurance of any favourable change. The parsonage, where happiness seemed to have taken up its abode, presented only scenes of the most poignant distress. Day

passed

paſſed without hope, and night without reſt. The ſtruggle between diſeaſe and conſtitution laſted the whole week. Dr. Murray came every day, and generally took his bed in the houſe. He ſaid and did every thing in his power to comfort and ſupport the Aubreys in this moſt dreadful trial. The duration of the fever did not fail to alarm himſelf, and he watched for the criſis of it with the moſt anxious perſeverance, adminiſtering all that his ſkill and experience ſuggeſted. At the end of the week he knew a change muſt take place. He did not quit the houſe all Saturday and Sunday.

On Sunday night the delirium was higher than ever. His mother, herſelf nearly exhauſted, continued to watch him. Dr. Murray having purpoſely ſlept in the day-time, joined her at one o'clock in the morning, when he ex-

pected the change. He found her ſtanding at the bed-ſide, the chair on which ſhe had been ſitting behind her, her arms folded, her eyes fixed upon her ſon, who lay perfectly ſtill, breathing hard, but more freely. The doctor, in a whiſper, begged ſhe would leave the room. "Then you think it is all "over!" cried ſhe: "no, I will ſtay "till the laſt moment by him."— "Huſh!" ſaid he; "he ſleeps: you "know not the conſequence of diſturb-"ing him at preſent: if you *will* ſtay, "ſit down and be quiet." She was ſilent, and ſat down on the chair from which ſhe had riſen. Mrs. Miller, who had been ſitting at the head of the bed, gave her ſeat to Dr. Murray, and removed to another part of the room. A ſolemn, anxious ſilence enſued, and laſted for four hours. It was ſoon broad day-light. At five o'clock Arthur turned

turned round, and said, in a composed tone of voice, "Edmund! where are "you, Edmund?" His mother would have risen, but Murray's finger restrained her. Arthur's back was turned to the side where they were, and he had thrown his arm over the sheet. Murray felt his pulse, looked at Mrs. Aubrey, and smiled. "He will live!" cried she, starting up; "O God! he will live! "My boy will live! my boy will live!" She darted out of the room, flew to her own chamber, calling Aubrey; and, not finding him there, ran down stairs. She found him with Emily, Arthurina, and Cæsar, in the parlour, where they had been sitting all night; Aubrey on the sopha, his girls by him, each holding a hand, and leaning on his neck; Cæsar on Arthur-William's mahogany stool, his head on his left hand, and his right hand supporting the elbow of his left arm. They

flew towards the door—Mrs. Aubrey was too much agitated to ſpeak; and they, expecting the fatal ſentence, took it for granted. They ſtood for a minute gazing at her with horror. She ſtrove in vain to articulate her words, ſunk upon the floor, and fainted away.

Dr. Murray came in in the midſt of this complicated ſcene of diſtreſs, and having immediately undeceived Aubrey and his daughters, aſſiſted in recovering Mrs. Aubrey, whom they placed upon the ſopha. When ſhe revived, Aubrey aſked Murray if there were any hope. "Great hope," replied he, "the ſoftneſs "of his pulſe, and the moiſture of his "ſkin indicate a favourable iſſue. Come, "be ſatisfied and compoſe your ſpirits, "unleſs you have a mind to throw your-"ſelves into the ſtate from which my "patient is eſcaping." Convinced by the doctor's manner that there was a great

great change in Arthur for the better, Mrs. Aubrey, Emily, and Arthurina, being worn out by anxiety and watching, conſented to take ſome reſt in bed, and to refreſh themſelves completely before they had any communication with him. When they retired, Aubrey accompanied Dr. Murray back to Arthur's chamber. As they entered, he ſaid, without moving:—"What's o'clock?" Dr. Murray made a ſign to Aubrey to go round the bed and anſwer. "About ſix," ſaid Aubrey, obeying the doctor's ſign. "Oh Sir! is it you?" ſaid he; "I thought it was Edmund Smyth." "How are you, my dear Arthur," ſaid Aubrey, ſitting down on the bedſide, and taking his hand, which though warm was moiſt. "Very well, "thank you," he replied. "Not very "well," ſaid Aubrey, "but getting "well."—"Didn't ſomebody come in

" with you?" aſked Arthur, turning his head, when, perceiving the ſhadow of the doctor, he added, " who is that be-" hind the curtain? Edmund, is it you?" " My dear boy," cried Aubrey, " be " compoſed, and you ſhall ſee Edmund. " You muſt take care of yourſelf, for " you have been very ill. Have you " any objection to ſee Dr. Murray."— " Certainly not," replied he, " is that the " doctor behind the curtain?"—" It " is," ſaid Aubrey: on which the doctor came forward, ſaying, " you muſt " not be alarmed at ſeeing a phyſician " in your room; for you are out of my " hands before you knew you were under " them. Now that you are in no dan-" ger whatever, I may venture to tell " you, that you have had a very ſerious " illneſs." He then ſhook hands with him, felt his pulſe, aſked him ſome queſtions, and pronounced him convaleſcent.

leſcent. At the ſame time, he forbade him to exert himſelf in any way, till he had his permiſſion. Arthur promiſed obedience, but harped on Edmund Smyth. "Have I only dreamt it," ſaid he, "or is Edmund in the houſe?" —"You have dreamt it, my good "friend," ſaid the doctor. "Should "you like to have him here?" ſaid Aubrey. "Oh! very much indeed," replied he. "I have had ſuch dreams "about you all, but ſo much ſtronger "than dreams in general. I ſaw——" —"Come, come," ſaid Dr. Murray, "you muſt not talk ſo much. We muſt "leave you; and pray, Mrs. Miller, do "not ſuffer him to talk." At the mention of Mrs. Miller's name Arthur turned to ſee her: "'Sbidlikins!" ſaid he, "how are you? Where is my mother? "and——"—"No more, no more:" ſaid the doctor, interrupting him—"lie

" quiet till I ſee you again; and be re-
" regular in taking the medicines I ſhall
" order you. I ſhall ſee you in the
" evening." He then left the room, taking Aubrey with him.

His poſt-chaiſe, which he had ordered the evening before, drove up to the gate as he was going down ſtairs: but before he ſet off, he went into the ſitting-room to breakfaſt, which Cæſar, on being made happy by the joyful tidings, had taken care to get ready. Here Dr. Murray, after congratulating Aubrey on the proſpect of Arthur's recovery, ſaid; " and now, my good Sir, let me,
" both as a friend and as a phyſician,
" give you a caution. You told me,
" that you had reaſon to believe your
" ſon's illneſs had a mental cauſe: I
" know it, and I will tell it to you;
" but you muſt be prudent, or I predict,
" from the ſenſibility of this youth's

" temper-

" temperament, you will have ſerious " cauſe of repentance. When you know " the evil, be careful in applying the " remedy. Your ſon has been ſe- " duced—"—" Great God!" exclaimed Aubrey. " For ſome time paſt," continued Dr. Murray, " he has been en- " gaged with a very beautiful woman, to " whom he was introduced at Warwick." —" Surely," cried Aubrey, " not with " Lady Sudley!"—"Why not with Lady " Sudley, as well as any other lady," replied Murray. " Oh! fool, fool, that " I was," exclaimed Aubrey, " to truſt " him from under my own care!"— " Nay, nay," ſaid the doctor, " it is well " it's no worſe."—" No worſe! What " can be worſe than the loſs of that can- " dour which was my glory! the once " limpid ſtream of truth is made turbid; " I can ſee no more to the bottom of his " ſoul; the friendſhip that ſubſiſted be-

" tween us is injured. Vices are linked " in a chain; one brings on another: " diſſimulation attends them all!"— " My good Sir," ſaid Dr. Murray, " without exculpating your ſon, though I " think it would not be very difficult to " obtain his pardon from the moſt ſcru- " pulous judge, I muſt obſerve, that a " ſecret of this kind muſt be conſidered as " leſs criminal than the divulging of it. " After being tempted, the confeſſion " of a crime of this nature was not to " be expected; was not to be wiſhed " for; for it would, on reflection, have " lowered him even in your opinion. " My advice to you is, to appear igno- " rant of the matter, and to leave time to " work his cure: I ſpeak as a phyſician " —for health and life may depend upon " it. Lady Sudley cannot hold ſuch a " youth long in her chains; for ſhe has " nothing more than a little perſonal

" beauty: her mind is very deficient, and
" her paſſions very ſtrong. I have
" known her from her infancy. Lord
" Sudley, an emaciated debauchee, mar-
" ried her for her face, and grew tired
" of her in a few months. Since their
" ſeparation, ſhe is ſuſpected to have led
" a looſe life, and has but juſt managed
" to keep a footing in ſociety. She
" has now again made herſelf the ſub-
" ject of the tattle of the day; and
" her amour with your ſon is fully can-
" vaſſed, both at Coventry and War-
" wick." Aubrey ſtood aghaſt. " I had
" the whole account from a friend, who
" reſides at the former place: nay, even
" the compunctions of your ſon are no
" ſecret; for, though he is ſilent, the
" lady herſelf has loſt her diſcretion. I
" really believe this fever has been
" brought on by his feelings of remorſe
" conſpiring with violent exerciſe: but

" he will recover, if you do not impede " his progreſs. You muſt, as much as " poſſible, divert his mind from thoughts " that are likely to oppreſs it." Aubrey thanked the doctor, and, with a ſigh, promiſed to attend to his advice: he then conducted him to his carriage.

Arthur's intrigue, the notoriety of his crime, the breach of candour, ſunk deeply into Aubrey's heart; but the love of his ſon predominated: he reſolved for the preſent to conceal his emotions; and, with the hope of diverting his ideas, and accelerating his recovery, he wrote a preſſing ſolicitation to Mr. Cowper to ſend Edmund to Mariton.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Progreſs of Arthur's Recovery. Friendſhip with Edmund Smyth. Cupid lurking beneath a Shrub on the Bank of a River. Aubrey opens his Mind to Edmund. Arrival of a Friend. Departure of Arthur and Edmund.

In the courſe of a few days, Arthur was pronounced by Dr. Murray to be out of danger; Mrs. Aubrey and his ſiſters were ſuffered to chat in his room, and Arthur-William came and ſaid his leſſons to him. But, though he daily gained ſtrength, his cheerfulneſs kept no pace with his recovery. The engaging ſmile, that uſed ſo often to illume his countenance, did not re-appear: he ſpoke affectionately, but ſeriouſly; and he was more inclined

inclined to be thoughtful than talkative. At firſt Aubrey made ſome allowance for the ſtate of his nerves, after ſuch an attack as he had ſuffered; but when he obſerved that his thoughtfulneſs increaſed in the courſe of his convaleſcence, he became doubly wretched, and felt the more from being now compelled to diſguiſe his wretchedneſs under a ſhow of joy. He was more anxious than ever to have Edmund Smyth at the parſonage; and a week having elapſed ſince he wrote to Mr. Cowper, he was greatly ſurpriſed that he had heard nothing of him.

It was not till Arthur had begun to walk from room to room on the ſame floor with his chamber, and was talking of going down ſtairs, and into the garden, that Aubrey's ſuſpence was removed by the arrival of Edmund's portmanteau, which had been ſent on in a public carriage.

riage. The ſight of his name on the direction ſpread joy through the family. Arthur ſmiled from his heart, and cried, "huzza." The portmanteau was received, but its maſter did not make his appearance: for two days the Aubreys were in conſtant expectation of ſeeing their young friend, and began to be uneaſy leſt ſome accident had happened. On the fourth day he arrived, having been three on the road, as he was mounted on one of his uncle's horſes. Giving his horſe to Cæſar, who opened the gate to him, he haſtened to the ſitting-room, where he found the whole family. The baſhfulneſs, which at his firſt interview with them in Albemarle ſtreet had caſt a little ruſtic awkwardneſs on his manners, was very much worn off; and the diſguiſe of his figure, under his village drab, was entirely removed, for he was now dreſſed in clothes

which

which were made while he was in town. The colour of his coat was a high brown, which ſet off his face to advantage; and, being well and faſhionably made, his perſon had fair play, and appeared elegant. He wore a white waiſtcoat, and leather breeches, with boots and ſpurs. He entered with an eaſe and grace that ſurpriſed and delighted the Aubreys, who received him with great affection, which was returned in a very engaging manner. He accounted for Mr. Cowper's not immediately replying to Aubrey's letter, by telling him that he was not at Edenbower when it came; and that, as ſoon as he returned, he thought it better to diſpatch the portmanteau than to write. After anſwering all the kind enquiries, made for his uncle, his mother, and ſiſter, "Well Arthur," ſaid he, "—we always call you Arthur "at Edenbower—well, my dear friend,

"you

" you muſt make haſte and get ſtout,
" to return with me; for my uncle ſays
" that I muſt make it the preliminary of
" my ſtay at Mariton: and he gives me
" a full fortnight, if you ſtipulate to be
" quite well at the end of it."—" I am
" getting round faſt," replied Arthur,
" but no ſtipulation can be agreeable to
" me, or any of us, which includes your
" leaving Mariton." Aubrey, however, being ſtruck with the advantage that might be reaped from Arthur's viſit to Melford, where he would be at a diſtance from the object and ſcene of his misfortune, ſaid, " Arthur will be happy
" to return with you, I am ſure; but
" meanwhile let us forget the period of
" your going." That was ſoon baniſhed from their thoughts. Edmund was full of ſpirits, Emily and Arthurina reſumed their natural livelineſs, and Aubrey and Mrs. Aubrey had the happineſs of obſerving

ſerving the revival of Arthur's ſmile. In three days after Edmund's arrival, Arthur was able to walk round the garden with him; and before the week was over, he ſtrolled with his ſiſters and Edmund to the caſtle ruins.

As ſoon as it was known that he was well enough to go out, viſits of congratulation poured in upon the Aubreys, which Aubrey and Mrs. Aubrey managed in general to receive alone, in order that the young folks might not be deprived of their rambles. Among the firſt viſitors were the Spicers; the colonel had made it a point with them, and that they ſhould inform him when the family began to ſee company, that he might return to Mariton from town, whither he had gone on finding the door of the parſonage ſhut by Arthur's illneſs. When Arthur grew ſtronger, Edmund and he ſometimes rode on horſeback,

that

that the former might ſee the country to a greater extent: in theſe rides the girls were left behind; and the two young men, led by a congeniality of ſentiment, formed a friendſhip of the warmeſt and nobleſt kind. Out of their own families neither of them had yet met with any perſon of either ſex who ſo fully took poſſeſſion of his heart; the attachment was mutually grateful, and each felt and declared that he could ſacrifice his life for the other.

A ſoul ſo congenial with Arthur's, could not but be congenial with Emily's alſo, but to form a ſimilar friendſhip with his ſiſter was not ſo eaſy. In company Edmund delighted to addreſs his converſation to her, but when left by accident alone with her, far from feeling the promptneſs with which he had declared his ſentiments to her brother, he became immediately reſerved; his lips were mute,

mute, his looks conſtrained. His ſilence and embarraſſment, however, were more eloquent than words to Emily, whoſe downcaſt eye, and ſympathetic taciturnity, unconſciouſly marked the conformity and harmony of their ſouls. She perceived what he had no idea of betraying; ſhe felt that ſhe was beloved by him. Edmund was not ſo penetrating: he did not ſee either into his own heart or hers; and, though he was not devoid of ambition, he had never once ſuffered himſelf to conceive a matrimonial alliance poſſible, in the ſituation of life in which he ſtood; not on account of his entire dependence on his uncle, who was indeed a father to him, but becauſe his mother and ſiſter were combined in that dependence, and his uncle had taught him to conſider them as the firſt objects of the care of his life. He only wiſhed, therefore, to form ſuch a friendſhip with

Emily,

Emily, as he had formed with her brother, without being aware that it was impoſſible. But this impoſſibility was made clear to him, by an accident which happened during his ſtay at Mariton. Emily's handkerchief was blown by the wind out of her hand, as ſhe turned from the river ſide to purſue the path leading to the caſtle ruins. It was caught by a branch of a ſhrub, overhanging one of thoſe deep holes, which here and there are formed in the beds of ſhallow ſtreams. She called out as the handkerchief flew away: Edmund leaned over the bank to reach it; he ſtretched till he loſt his poiſe, on which he ſeized the branch to ſave himſelf from falling. The branch was brittle, it broke, and he fell with it, handkerchief and all, into the river, which at that place was very deep. Before he reached the water Emily ſcreamed; but when in conſequence of the height from which

which he fell, ſhe ſaw him ſink, her agitation overcame all fear of danger; ſhe claſped her hands, and crying out—"O "ſave him! ſave him!" plunged into the river after him. The deep part of the water extended but a little way; and Edmund could ſwim. He roſe on the oppoſite ſide, as Emily left the bank. He had heard her words, and turned to look at her: he darted towards her, and caught her by the arm, at the inſtant her lovely agitated face was diſappearing. With one hand he ſupported her above the ſurface of the water, and with the other ſwam towards the ſide whence ſhe had ſprung, but a little lower down the ſtream, where the bottom was gradually ſhallower. He encouraged her as he ſwam, but ſhe was inſenſible to his encouragement; and when his feet touched the ground, he took her into his arms, and bore her ſenſeleſs to the bank.

The

The terrified Arthurina, who was by her ſiſter when ſhe plunged into the river, now ſtood trembling to receive her; and Arthur, who had loitered behind with Arthur-William, to ſee him make ducks and drakes upon the ſurface of the ſtream, haſtened up to the ſpot, followed by his brother. Arthur-William, believing that his ſiſter was drowned, wrung his little hands, wept, and cried out—"What ſhall we do? Oh! what "ſhall we do?" Emily's head had not been intirely under water, and her ſwoon being the conſequence of the terror ſhe felt on finding herſelf ſinking, was of ſhort duration. While the little group, ſitting or kneeling about her, were looking at her with the greateſt anxiety, ſhe revived, and ſoon recovered ſufficient ſtrength to walk back to the parſonage, which was at no great diſtance, and where

where ſhe was ſoon made comfortable by a change of clothes.

Though neither Edmund nor Emily had been in any great danger, this incident made the former acquainted with his own heart. The impulſe that had driven Emily into the river might be attributed to other cauſes than love; nor had he the preſumption to conceive that it originated from ſuch an emotion: but it was enough that he had at any rate been the object of her ſolicitude; that ſhe had thrown herſelf into the river; that he had ſaved her from ſinking. From that hour he never looked at her but with conſcious tenderneſs; from that hour the images of the ſcene dwelt upon his mind: the "O ſave him!" the angelic figure rapidly deſcending; Emily ſupported above the water; Emily in his arms; recurred too frequently to his thoughts to leave him in doubt

doubt that she had made an impression which it behoved him to efface. From that hour too the reserve of his demeanour, which he had before only felt when they were alone, was constant: he looked at her but in stolen glances; he spoke to her but when silence would have been extraordinary. As Edmund had never been very forward the change was not visible to Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey, who, after hearing of the accident with retrospective alarm, ended with laughing at it, and ascribing Emily's leap to the movements of terror.

The fortnight allowed to Edmund by his uncle now drew to an end. The art of subduing desire he had learned from necessity, the most successful of masters, under whose tuition Mr. Cowper had placed him from his infancy. Young as he was, habit had confirmed him in the mastery of the passions common in early

life. The inutility of regretting the want of unattainable objects matured the virtue of self-denial, on occasions where the attainment was only opposed by prudence, the foster child of necessity. Edmund never formed fruitless wishes, and never cherished imprudent ones. The passion that now assailed his heart was new to him; but, believing it to be both hopeless and imprudent, he resolved not even to form a wish for its gratification, but to banish it immediately from his mind. As nothing was so likely to confirm his resolution as absence, he took an opportunity of requesting Arthur not to oppose their leaving Mariton at the time appointed by Mr. Cowper, and silenced every objection by saying that when they were at Melford he would give him such reasons as could not fail to satisfy him. Arthur yielded; and his health being now almost completely re-esta-

bliſhed, he had reaſons of his own for accelerating their departure.

His father and mother too were not without their motives for wiſhing him in Glouceſterſhire: Arthur, though pleaſed with the company of his friend, and joining without reluctance in all amuſements propoſed, had by no means recovered his former cheerfulneſs. His mind evidently laboured with its burden; there was a recurring, melancholy penſiveneſs, which Aubrey was but too ſenſible was not the remains of his illneſs: but whether it proceeded from contemplating a renewal of his intercourſe with Lady Sudley, or from remorſe at the ſtate of inſincerity in which he was living at the parſonage, or from both, was not ſettled in his opinion. It was the conſtant ſubject of his converſation with Mrs. Aubrey, when alone with her; and he had determined upon a

plan, the ſucceſs of which was in one of the caſes certain, and in the other probable. His reſolution was to let the two friends go without delay, as the diſtance of Melford would be a bar to the communication he feared, and would in all likelihood put an end to a connexion ſo criminal and ſo pregnant with miſery. He likewiſe reſolved to open his mind freely to Edmund, not only to account for his not urging a continuance of his ſtay at Mariton, but with a view of regaining Arthur's candour, and relieving his mind of the conſciouſneſs of continued inſincerity, by ſhowing him not ſo much the error as the uſeleſſneſs of it. Within two or three days of the time fixed for Edmund's return, he told him privately, that he wiſhed to converſe with him alone, on a ſubject that gave him infinite pain; and he requeſted that he would meet him in the ſummer-houſe in the

the garden in an hour, without giving a hint to Arthur, or any one elſe, of their meeting. Edmund, ignorant of the circumſtances that had given birth to the pain alluded to by Aubrey, and conſcious of what had been paſſing in his own heart, was ſtartled at this appointment. He inſtantly ſuſpected that he had betrayed himſelf by his looks; and that Emily's father meant, if not to reproach him, at leaſt to warn him againſt the encouragement of a paſſion which could never be attended with ſucceſs. Wretched in the company of Emily, he retired to his own chamber, where he gave way to the moſt painful and mortifying reflexions, till it was time to attend his appointment.

How ſurpriſed and delighted was he to find that Aubrey, far from thinking as he had done, expreſſed a joy at obſerving the friendſhip that had taken root

between him and Arthur, and at the reciprocity of affection in all the family; and that the appointment was made to repose in him a confidence of the greatest importance to their happiness! Aubrey expatiated on the felicity he had enjoyed in the candour of Arthur's mind; and, contrasting the pangs he suffered in consequence of the duplicity rendered necessary by the conduct of Lady Sudley, deputed to Edmund the office of removing the dreadful necessity. "Chuse a proper opportunity, my dear young friend," said Aubrey, "to let him know that I am "fully acquainted with the successful "artifices of that abandoned woman; "tell him, not to let an imaginary secret "continue to prey upon his mind; and "that all I ask is the relinquishment of "the crime which has involved us in the "misery of veiling our hearts from each "other."

"other."—"Oh! Sir," replied Edmund, "let me go and ſpeak to him "immediately: how can he bear to "conceal any thing from ſuch a father! "I ſaw he was miſerable, and now I "know the cauſe. Oh! let me go and "remove it inſtantly."—"No, my dear "Edmund," ſaid Aubrey, "you muſt "not be precipitate. I know not what "the conſequence might be, if he were "made acquainted with my knowledge "of the circumſtance here: but opened "to him gently, at a diſtance from me, "and by a friend ſo beloved as you are, "I have no fear but all will be well." Edmund yielded, declaring at the ſame time that he ſhould not be happy till he had completely reſtored the eaſe of his friend's mind, by diverting it from brooding over the horror of ſecrecy. Aubrey preſſed his hand, aſſuring him that he ſtood in his heart mixed in the

group of his own children. The thought raiſed by this expreſſion affected Edmund to ſuch a degree that he was ready to open his whole ſoul to Aubrey, but his tongue was unable to obey the pure dictates of his mind, and he recollected himſelf in time. Having ſettled the day of departure for the ſucceeding Monday, they ſtrolled together round the garden, converſing on topics leſs intereſting, and joined the reſt of the family.

Aubrey informed them that Edmund perſiſted in the reſolution of ſetting out at the time his uncle had fixed, and that Monday was the day. Mrs. Aubrey and Arthurina exclaimed againſt it. Emily faintly ſaid; "So ſoon!" Arthur declared himſelf neutral. Arthur-William was a noiſy champion for delay. But Aubrey agreeing with Edmund that punctuality was indiſpenſable, as nothing new on the ſubject had arrived from Mr. Cowper,

Cowper, the affair was ſettled. A little gloom enſued; it was paleſt in Emily's face; nor did it entirely diſappear from the Parſonage during the remainder of Edmund's ſtay. On Saturday, he accompanied Arthur on a round of viſits to take leave; and every thing was prepared for their departure. The family unanimouſly inſiſted on their travelling in Aubrey's gig, as they were afraid Arthur was not yet ſtrong enough to take ſo long a journey on horſeback. It was arranged accordingly, and a man was hired to ride Edmund's horſe.

The party were taking their tea, and talking of Melford, when a loud ringing of the gate bell proclaimed a viſitor. "I forgot to tell you," ſaid Arthur, "that Colonel Spicer was expected at "Spicer-Hall: perhaps this is he come "to take leave of me."—"I hope not;" ſaid Emily. The information given by Arthur,

Arthur, and his remark, had brought the figure of the dapper coxcomb into their thoughts, when the door opened, and a very different perſon appeared. Aubrey flew with open arms to embrace Charles Senſitive. The whole family loved him; and his welcome from every individual of it was moſt cordial. Charles's fine, open, benevolent countenance, and his ſlight, elegant figure, in plain cloaths, gained ſome additional advantage by ſupplanting the image of Col. Spicer. The arrival of Senſitive would probably have made an alteration in the time of Arthur and Edmund's departure, had it not been for the occurrences that had taken place. Senſitive himſelf too urged the benefit that would be derived from change of air: and Aubrey ſoon had an opportunity of imparting his own reaſons to his friend. Arthur regretted going from Mariton juſt as he was come; and it was

not

not till Senſitive aſſured him that he meant to make a long ſtay, and ſhould be at the Parſonage when he returned, that he was entirely reconciled to leaving him. At the hour appointed the gig was at the gate; all formality was avoided in the farewell; Edmund concealed his feelings with conſiderable addreſs; and if, when he kiſſed his hand as Arthur drove off, the eyes of Emily filled with tears, ſo did thoſe of Arthurina.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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